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HOW TO SUCCEED
IN THE
PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

By

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THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

MY WIFE

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SHE HAS BEEN MY "PARTNER" IN LOVE AND AFFECTION; AND TO HER RARE GOOD JUDGMENT, EXCELLENT ADVICE AND STEADFASTNESS I OWE MUCH OF WHATEVER SUCCESS MAY HAVE COME TO ME IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

For the past twenty-five years it has been my pleasure to be connected in a professorial way with several medical colleges in this city. During this time I have frequently talked to the students about "the business side" of the medical profession. They have often asked me to reduce these thoughts to writing; hence this book. I make free use of "the personal pronoun" because I regard this more in the nature of a "heart-to-heart" talk with the "boys" than otherwise. I insert my photograph because *they* have requested it. The book is enlarged that it may interest all members of the medical profession, and the laity are earnestly requested to read it. Many "fads and frauds" are dealt with without "fear or favor." It has been painful to me to see many of my professional friends die and leave their families in actual want. The reason is plain that it was either their own fault or the fault of their *clientele*, and how to prevent this happening to others is the main object of the book. I have tried to write "a guide to success" intended principally for medical students and the young practitioners of medicine. Those who have already succeeded and are *satisfied* need

not read the book unless they want to. The wives of doctors, I believe, will be pleased with the sentiments herein expressed.

The administration of drugs has not been considered at all, but "Art in Medicine" has received full attention. Character, which is the very foundation of success in any calling, is fully dwelt on, together with the many attributes that go to make up a gentleman, and the possession of which is necessary to insure success in medicine. The "foibles and follies" of *society* are held up to view, and the life of the doctor pictured as it really is. I hope that the book may be of some comfort and advantage to a few struggling young doctors at least. The "*lights and shadows* of a doctor's life" receive equal attention, and to relieve the *monotony* a jocular vein is interspersed here and there.

THE AUTHOR.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY,
923 Fourth Avenue.

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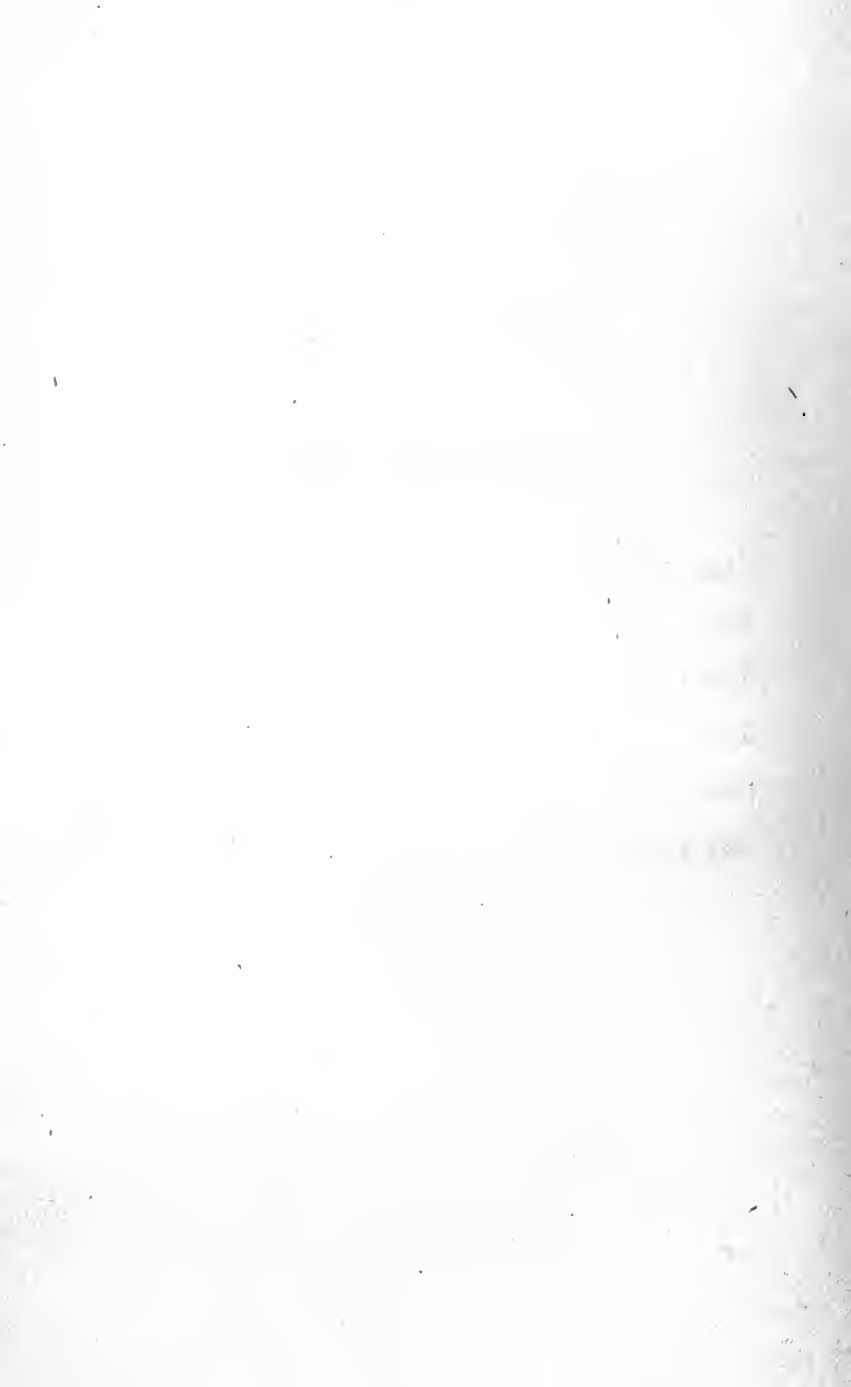
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HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

CHAPTER I

REQUIREMENTS FOR ENTERING THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

It is not within the province of the writer to determine the "requirements" in order to enter the medical profession, nor is it within the scope of this book to even discuss the subject, for it is written for the edification of those who have already met the "requirements," and have entered or are about to enter into the practice as full-fledged doctors. Yet so much has been written *pro* and *con* on this subject that the writer feels that he will be excused for a few words concerning it.

The cry for a "higher medical education" is resounding throughout the land as it never has before.

The Medical Examining Boards are compelling the medical colleges to advance their standard, and each year advances are made in this direction. It is bound to result in "a survival of the fittest," and the college that can not comply with the demand

must of necessity go to the wall. Many hardships will result, and bitter disappointments. It may be that the rich will be made richer and the mighty be made mightier, but it does seem that this result must obtain. It is urged by some that as this course goes on many worthy but poor young men will be prevented from entering the medical profession because of the want of sufficient means to do so, and that splendid material is lost for the reason that the applicant has not had the good fortune to be college-bred. Without attempting to discuss any phase of the question, the author desires to give expression to a few thoughts and narrate a few personal observations. After an experience extending over twenty-five years as teacher in a medical college he begs to submit the following conclusions:

1. The better educated one is, the better prepared he is to understand the teachings of the great Science of Medicine.

2. Upon the foundation of learning as laid by a *common* school education men have attained to the highest positions in the medical profession, both as teachers and practitioners.

3. Many men with the highest education that could be afforded by Harvard, Yale, or Princeton have signally failed as practitioners of medicine.

4. Many men of *self* education have attained to the highest positions known in the medical profession.

It has often been a thing of common comment that the student who stood highest in his classes and succeeded in capturing all the prizes failed often to make a living as a practitioner of medicine. So, at last, it is left with the individual to carve for himself a name or pursue the path that leads to fortune. This power is inborn in some, but that it is acquired by others can not be gainsaid. The brilliant mind that comes of heredity is often equaled, if not surpassed, by the plodding, determined, and self-reliant student. We have but to look at the illustrious example as given in the life of Mr. Lincoln—

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

for a verification of this statement. Born of common parentage, with no education save that instilled into him by nature's teaching; without money or friend, he ascended to the highest gift within the power of the American people. Men have attained great prominence in the medical profession whose only claim to a literary education was the knowl-

edge gleaned in a common school. Nevertheless, it must be understood that the higher education is the more desirable, and every one contemplating a medical career should strive for a college training and a classical proficiency. Beside the educational requirements necessary to become a proficient doctor in medicine there are other attributes that are absolutely essential. Without their possession one would be a complete failure in this great calling. I would beg the indulgence of the reader whilst enumerating them:

Character. First of all it can be definitely asserted that *character* must be the foundation of a business or professional calling, of whatever kind. It is unnecessary to add that *good* must prefix character always. Webster defines character to be "a peculiar or distinctive quality." There are *many* qualities that go to make up character. Let me therefore say, that in order to succeed in the medical profession one must first be *honest*; honest to yourself and honest to your patron. The practice of medicine is no child's play, for the pursuit of it involves life and death. It is bad enough to "cheat at cards" or in "swapping horses," but you must never waver from the perfect path of truth in dealing with the sick or afflicted. To pretend what you are not is but to count yourself

a charlatan of the worst degree. If you do not *know*, say so, and call for one that does know. Much better to be accounted a fool than sacrifice one human life. Never in your bigotry suppose that you know it all, or that there may not be others who know more than you. Honesty, like virtue, is its own reward, and the people will not be slow in detecting this sterling quality in you. Your name should be a synonym for honesty, as your word should be as good as your bond.

Second, you must be *just*. This will be a trying ordeal with you oftentimes. It is hard enough to be *just* to your neighbor, but you will find it much more difficult to be just to your fellow-practitioner, especially so if he happens to be your rival. Don't be so narrow-minded as not to see the good in others—although you may hate them. If a patient is in great peril, do not hesitate to avail yourself of your enemy's knowledge, if it can be had. You owe this much to your patient. It is narrated of a distinguished physician who lived in Louisville that at one time he called in consultation a fellow-practitioner with whom he was not on speaking terms. Upon one occasion, after the day of consultation, he was met on the street by the doctor whom he had called in consultation and the doctor spoke to him. In answer he received

this stinging rebuke, "Do not presume, sir, to speak to me. I do not regard you as a gentleman, and wish no speaking acquaintance with you." It might not be out of place here to admonish my younger professional friends against the *habit* of making enemies of others—it may be contending doctors. I use the term *habit* because it has often occurred to me to be such. Too often it is, that because a doctor dares locate in a place where there are other doctors, he is looked upon as an intruder and enemy of the balance. What sheer nonsense! You do not possess a community simply because you live in it, and no right of possession is given you by long habitation. Greet the newcomer as one gentleman should greet another, yea, more, greet him as a brother. For is he not your brother? What a family the medical profession is, indeed, banded together for nobler purposes than actuates any other human organization. A single purpose there should be, no animosities, dissensions, or jealousies in it. To relieve the sick and afflicted, to care for the widow and the orphan, to help those who can not help themselves; to give advice when advice is most needed; to hear the secrets of the "inner chamber," and help quiet the storm. What a wonderful and important work is intrusted into the hands of the family doctor! Why

disturb these missions by quarreling and fretting with each other? Turn a deaf ear to the tales of idle gossips who are continually seeking to make an enemy of your professional brother. One half of such are mere fabrications, and many times the other half told for selfish purposes. Even granting that your brother has erred, count it human, and go on your way rejoicing; for, after all, "what's the use?" Be just, and wrong no man.

Third, you must be *generous*. Many times you will realize that your services must be given without the faintest idea of reward. I should qualify this word, for the universal acceptance would be reward in a *monetary* way, but to the honest and just physician it means much more. A word of praise, a simple clasp of the hand, a "thank you"—these mean, often mean, much more than a reward in money. But I must stick to my text, and say that "your services must often be given without reward." When life is at stake you must not stop to consider whether you will even be *thanked* for your efforts, to say nothing of a settlement with cash. There are people in the world so dead to all sense of gratitude that they will even forget to *thank* you for your services, much less pay you for the same; but you can not afford to make a note of it. If they are poor—unable to

reward you—render the service just as positively as if they were rich and able to lavish upon you great gifts. But thanks to the eternal fitness of things, it will be found that it is the poor that render unto the physician just praise, and a word from them comes as a benediction to the overworked and underpaid doctor. It should be your special delight and bounden duty to help them in time of need, and count it done for humanity's sake. If, as I have said, you should be *just* in your dealings with men, I would also add be *generous*. Let this thought actuate you when dealing with the faults of others. There are “none perfect, no, not one”; so be generous, and do not attribute evil to men's actions; and even if convinced that they are at fault, try and overlook it—rebuke if you please, but forget. It is well with you if you are far-seeing and able to judge men correctly. The man that is a good judge of human nature has already acquired a gift that will be of incalculable benefit to him in the practice of medicine.

Fourth, be *humble* in your *attainments*. If it has been your good fortune to attain to great eminence in your profession, do not seek to place it above your fellow-workers; remember the simplicity of Lincoln, Marion Sims, and Ephraim McDowell. Even if a man is great, he can so

“strut and paw” as to render himself disgusting. A bigot is as much to be despised as a fool. Men have been known to lose all their influence, which required years to obtain, by bragging of their accomplishments. In the pretender these things are laughed to scorn by the populace, but for the man of real genius to adopt such methods—why, it amounts to an unintentional moral suicide. Whatever may be your position, however mighty, be humble, seeking no place above your fellows.

Decision. There is no one trait in a man's character that goes further to insure his success in any undertaking as decision of purpose. To the force of will many men owe their supremacy in the medical as well as the other professions. The man who is not possessed of this quality will make many fatal mistakes. The world despises a weak man, easily led by others, with no will of his own, or afraid to use it; he becomes a mere puppet, and is used by designing men to accomplish their ends, and without profit to himself. If you once *decide* that a thing is right, then dare to maintain it. The man who vacillates—is one thing to-day, another to-morrow—can not be trusted for anything; even his friendship would not be sought by any man, and his advice would go unheeded. “Very like a whale” is too often the caliber of men who, if they

had some force of *will*, would amount to something in the world. Do not agree with people unless you believe they are right, for this very disposition to please will bring you into ridicule. Before asserting or acting upon any proposition be sure you are right, then go ahead—not to a degree of obstinacy or in a dogmatic way, but one can be positive without being offensive. Respect the opinions of others, for they may be right and you wrong. If you are convinced even against your will, have the manhood to acknowledge it. If you have not this virtue of stability, cultivate it, and it will pay you well.

Perseverance. Being possessed of a firmness of character which enables you to decide things aright for yourself, you must persevere in the accomplishing of that which you have designed. Perseverance will be used here as synonymous with *energy*, for a slothful man will accomplish but little in this wide-awake, busy world. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: “The human race is divided into two classes, those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire.” Competition is brisk in every walk of life, and includes the medical profession. Many times you will feel like turning back or giving up your profession for some other calling that holds out a greater promise for rapid advancement or the

accumulation of wealth, but *don't do it*. It is those that stick who "get there." After you have grasped success—true, after years of hard labor—you will look back on your career and thank the stars that you did not "desert the ranks." Be a captain, a leader in everything you undertake. It was once said of a certain gentleman that he would have been a bishop in any calling that he might have selected. Be a "bishop" in your calling.

Positiveness. It is better to be positive, although occasionally wrong, than to go through life always full of doubt and governed by indecision. The man who is thoroughly convinced of the equity of his own position, and that he has a work of his own in the world to perform, rarely has time enough to attend to the affairs of his neighbors; and, needless to say, the man who attends to his own affairs, which he understands, is always in a more fortunate condition, so far as success is concerned, than is the man, regardless of what his methods may be, who devotes a large amount of his time to the personal affairs of those about him. A man must not only attend to his own affairs, but must do what he has to do with positiveness. Positiveness is, to some extent, born in a man, but that it can be developed is also a certainty. The positiveness of perfect knowledge is best. No man

achieves anything worthy until he learns the power of conviction—until he feels that he can accomplish something if he wills it strong enough and long enough. The world stands aside for the man who has a program, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a throbbing compulsion within him to do. Stoutly affirm your ability to do what you undertake; every affirmative strengthens your position. One of the best strengtheners of character and developers of stamina, generally, is to assume the part you wish to play, to stoutly assert the possession of whatever you lack. If you are deficient in courage, staying power, pluck, or determination, learn to assert vigorously these qualities as your own by a divine right. Be thoroughly convinced that they belong to you; that you should possess them, and that you do; then you will strengthen your success and position wonderfully. You have heard of the country dog who came to town and was so awed by the presence of city dogs that he lost all courage, or had none, and betook himself to the fence-corner; when attacked, seeing that he *had* to assert himself or be whipped, he “screwed his courage to the sticking-place,” and the result was that he “cleaned out” the whole set. So it is with men; if they have courage, they can carry their convictions to the utmost point and overcome all adversaries.

Ambition. I would not have you “throw away ambition,” but rather to cultivate the spirit. It was said of a gentleman who recently died that “he was ambitious—striving not to gain honors, but to do good.” How aptly this would apply to one in your profession that had pursued the proper course. Ambitious not to be crowned, but to serve; not to receive applause, but to obtain results. Ambitious to relieve the sick and comfort the dying. I once heard of a young doctor who said that it was his ambition to do the largest practice in his city. I wonder if he meant for adulation, or for the purpose of doing good. If you are meritorious and possess the other qualities necessary, you will be blessed with as much practice as you can attend to. I recently heard a doctor boast that he saw sixty patients daily in private practice. I know a distinguished physician that devotes two hours to the examination of each patient to whom he is called in consultation. Which one of these would you prefer to attend you if you were sick? Ambition: Yes, to be a good doctor, capable and wise.

Habit. Habit makes or unmakes a man, and each individual is responsible for his being good or being bad, for habit acts for good or evil. There is no progression without habit, and if we

cease to operate the will which creates it we retrograde. A man who has not the habit of self-cultivation soon loses out. Without it at the age of seventy, we have not progressed a jot or tittle over what we were at thirty. Gladstone, at the age of seventy-five, was a much abler man, mentally, than when he was forty years of age. It is proverbial that we are slaves to habit; we say of a man who smokes or chews tobacco that he is a "slave to the weed." Just so we could say of him that he was a slave to books, if his habit was to read. It has been truly said that "a smirched youth becomes a tainted man." A grown man is slothful because in his youth he was lazy, and an industrious man is such because it was a habit in youth. Therefore, it can be truthfully said that all things, cheerfulness, happiness, punctuality, industry, truthfulness, etc., are things of habit. Let this thought be constantly before you as you proceed in making for yourself a name and reputation in the medical profession. Avoid all things which would have the tendency to create a bad habit. The habit which will profit you most in the medical profession is that of *concentration*. With the young this is nearly an impossibility, but by cultivation it can be assured. It can be gained only by strenuous effort, and after a while it will be

accomplished. Fasten your mind on one object and keep it there, and most any problem can be solved or any task accomplished. Think of what William Wirt wrote concerning Chief Justice John Marshall: "Here is John Marshall, whose mind seems to be little else than a mountain of barren and stupendous rocks, an inexhaustible quarry from which he draws his materials and builds his fabrics, rude and Gothic, but of such strength that neither time nor force can beat them down; a fellow who would not turn off a single step from the right line of his argument." Try and let it be said of you in medicine what Wirt said of this great lawyer.

Cheerfulness. By all means cultivate a cheerful disposition. Neither the sick or the well like the man who is morose, and your conduct in the sick-room will be either for good or evil, according to your disposition. A recent writer speaks thus of the cheerfulness of doctors: "A reason for the cheerful temperament which characterizes so many doctors is probably to be found in the type of man entering the medical profession. The nervous, the timid, the dyspeptic, and the invalid do not readily take to the doctor's calling. It demands too much energy, fortitude, and capacity for human intercourse. Only those endowed with strong and

virile temperaments are fitted for the profession or likely to embrace it. The intensity and superabundance of this initial virility is powerfully exemplified in medical students, who are not notable for the repose of their manners or the gentleness of their instincts. How much of the residuum of high animal spirits remains in matured and aged members of the medical fraternity is often shown at the annual functions of our medical societies, in which long-repressed hilariousness assumes a form of uproariousness. It is because medical men are, as a class, of a peculiar virile nature that they are cheerful and resourceful."

Courage. If any calling on earth demands positive and unequivocal courage, it is that of a doctor. Moments that "try men's souls" are his, and many are the times that he "sweats blood." In these eventful hours there is absolutely no use for the man without *courage*. The human body to deal with, the flight of a soul if he mistakes, family ties forever sundered by a slip of his knife; the maker of widows and orphans, if perchance his calculations of a dose is wrong; the home rendered desolate and the cry of the bereaved, if his diagnosis has failed him. I say that it requires a strong man with courage to fill this post. "He was courageous, knowing no fear," must be said of you

also, if you are well fitted for the practice of the medical profession.

Patience. To exercise patience is often one of the most difficult of all things. But you must possess this attribute and exercise it often if you expect to succeed as a doctor. Patience in waiting for practice ; patient in the execution of your duties ; patience in listening to the "tales of woe" with which you are beguiled ; patient, waiting with confidence for the fruition of your hopes.

Manner. Manner has much to do with the success of a doctor. It was said of an eminent physician who did a very large practice that his success in getting the same was due to his manner in the sick-room. No one who ever watched this charming man on his daily rounds doubted but that there was much truth in the assertion. Suave, kind, and gentle, his soothing words were as lullabys to the sick ; the touch of his hand was inspiring, and his gentle smile contagious. I once knew a sick young lady to refuse to have a certain doctor enter her room because of his "horse laugh" on the porch. A distinguished educator once said that he could tell whether a man was a gentleman or not by hearing him walk. It must be remembered that it is the physician's province to deal with the sick, not with the well, and the same manner can not be used toward both.

Illness is naturally accompanied by fear, and it is one duty of the medical attendant to quiet or eliminate this feeling, for it is a great factor in disease. This can not be done in a brusque manner. True, that many conditions must be dealt with and in a very positive way, but this can be done without being rude. The doctor is fortunate who possesses a pleasant tone of voice, for it is a wonderful thing in its manipulation; one can be soothed and comforted by such, when a rasping and harsh voice would irritate and depress. It would be well worth your while to cultivate this attribute if you have it not. Loud and boisterous talk is no more to be tolerated in the sick-room than the making of discordant sounds by the use of instruments out of tune. Laughter is contagious, and in its place is much to be desired, for it dissipates melancholy; but the sick-chamber is not the place to exercise it, for it grates harshly upon the ear of the invalid. A pleasing joke told in a proper way at a suitable time is, and should be, appreciated, but it must not be forgotten that those cast down by sickness fail to appreciate the telling of the same. I have known doctors who seemed to think that to each sick person to whom they were called they must tell some unseemly joke, better suited to the street corner than told to one distressed. You must

inspire the patient with your very presence; therefore, a certain dignity must be observed. Gentleness, kindness, and the necessary amount of sympathy never go amiss in the sick-room. If a person is sick enough to call a doctor the fear of death usually confronts him. This fear can not be laughed away, nor is it the time or place for a witticism. Be firm, but kind; dignified, not haughty; sympathetic, not effusive. Temper wisdom with discreteness, and let your manner always be that of a gentleman, whether it be in or out of the sick-room. You must have conscious power in order to deal with the sick. This power is said to be the eloquence of action. By possessing it you will master your profession and control your patients. It destroys all fear and incites you to action. Do not fail to cultivate this power, for without it you will remain in a quiescent state, and never progress. If at any time you feel creeping over you a *fear*, trample it under your feet and assert your independence by asserting this power. A great deal of fun has been poked at the man who is "big-headed," but I always admire the young man who holds his head high and has self-esteem. It keeps him out of the mire and gives him a proper estimate of himself. Let, however, your dealings with people be simple and not ostentatious. Never give the impression

that you feel yourself better or above your fellow-men in any particular.

The most disgusting of all things is to see a little-excuse-of-a-man strutting and pawing the earth, all fuss and feathers, but of no intellectual attainment. In your commingling with the sick let your conversation be pure, not puritanical; your conduct above reproach, your motives not sinister, and your actions and purposes, even to the patient who is a stranger to you, be as to one of your own blood. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." In this day of "reason," when the mind of man is so harassed, doubtful, and unsettled concerning a future existence, let me suggest that you do not intrude upon the sanctity of the sick-chamber any expression for the purpose of unsettling a rooted faith. Much better is it to fear God and love your fellow-man, for this is righteousness indeed. Therefore, to sum up, we have a man who is educated (college preferred); of unblemished character, who is honest and just; is generous and humble; has decision of purpose; is persevering and ambitious; has the courage of his convictions, and is patient for results; has the manner of the true gentleman and the personal appearance to command respect; who is clean in both mind and body. Such a man must and will

succeed in the practice of medicine, or indeed in any calling that he might select.

Diplomacy. It is not only to "affairs of State" that diplomacy applies, but to "affairs" of everyday life as well. To "handle" people is a great accomplishment; some are "hard-headed," others timid; some unsuspecting, others suspecting. A harsh expression is necessary to control some; to others it would be a cruel blow. You must learn to study the case before giving an opinion. Above all, be a good *listener*; this will enable you to judge of all the small or concealed parts of each history, and in it you may find the key which will unlock the mystery. Much depends upon diplomacy in aiding you to judge fairly and to diagnosticate the case properly. Upon it may depend knowledge, secrecy, honor, wealth, sobriety, and even the marital relation. Remember that you are the one to whom confessions are made; it will require much diplomatic action on your part to keep secret what is told you. It does not imply in the least that deceit is necessary to comply with the demands of diplomacy. It is said of Mr. McKinley, the martyred president, that he was, while living, the greatest diplomat of them all, and yet he never was accused of being deceitful. Make yourself familiar with every phase of the case, and ascertain in a diplo-

matic way everything that bears on it, but in so doing "let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth." It is a notorious fact that men, and women too, who come to you for advice and treatment will often conceal the most important things from you, and without such knowledge neither your advice or treatment would avail anything. Be cautious and diplomatic in ascertaining this information. In your conduct with men, in your questions to the patient, and in the management of your cases be a *diplomat*.

CHAPTER II

LOCATION

Naturally the first thought entertained by the young man after graduating from a medical college is the one of locating in the proper place to practice his profession. I know of no more momentous question, for its decision carries with it the selection of his future—possibly permanent—home, where not only his reputation is to be made, but where the joys of a household are to be shared *for life*; therefore this question should not be decided in haste, nor should a location be selected on mere hearsay. The place should be visited and a careful, searching investigation be made. There are many things to be considered in making a selection.

First, is it a place in which you would be willing to live out your days? Young doctors often reason with themselves thus: “True, this is a poor country, the society is not good, no special advantages, but I will locate here for the first few years until I get some experience; then I will move to a larger field.” This kind of reasoning is mere folly, and will prove most disappointing. In the first place, you should not expect to experiment upon the poor.

If you have not the necessary knowledge *and* experience to practice medicine, you should obtain it before attempting to "try it" anywhere, be it a poor or rich locality. The schools of to-day are so well equipped that if you remain long enough and study hard enough you will have, in addition to other things, a *bedside* experience that will qualify you to at once enter into practice. Until you feel that you have already *experience*, do not locate in the practice anywhere. Life is too sacred a thing for you to trifle with, and be sure that you are qualified before you begin.

Second, hundreds before you have made the same resolution in regard to moving "after a while," but a survey will show that the vast majority never do. They live and die in the place of their first selection. The reason is obvious: Family ties are established, friendships cemented, property accumulations arise, accounts scattered, etc., are reasons sufficient to deter one from a hazardous move, hence well enough is left alone and the battle of life is fought out at the place of enlistment. There is an exception to this in the young doctor who changes his location several times before becoming permanently settled. This is very discomforting, and if the advice is heeded that is given in these pages it will be unnecessary. You will permit me, then, to

help you decide, or rather select a location. We are to presume that you visit the place recommended; it has been told you that it is a first-class location because "there are no other doctors there, no, not within miles of it." How preposterous, how absurd; why, it is an insult to your intelligence to hint such a reason. Are you afraid of honest competition? If so, you had better go back to school. Would you be willing to live in a country in this day of many doctors that was too poor to enlist the attention of some poor young fellow looking for a location? Why, the proceeds of a year's practice would not buy you a decent coat. And, too, do you not want the companionship and the help in time of need of some good, kind brother in the profession? Put behind you all such reasons as this, and go forth to make your own selection. Being on the ground, there are numerous things to be determined. What is the price of ground per acre? This has a great bearing on your future prospects in a financial way. And here let me say in parenthesis, this part of your professional career is not to be ignored, for have you not a wife and mayhap children to support? Even if you have not, your pride should be such as to compel you to dress and live well yourself, and it takes money to do it. We will decide in favor of the land if it is a fertile soil and com-

mands a good price. Next, what kind of society is this that I am to bring my wife into and throw around my children in their every-day association? No getting around the fact that you are to "judge a man by the company he keeps," and that environment is the one great factor in molding the young life. You are about to decide a question here that may mean a life full of sorrow to you; you are assuming a duty for those who are too young to know of responsibility, that are near and dear to you, and in the event of a mistake made by you may rise up and curse you. Look well, then, to the character of people who are to become your daily associates and the companions of your children. Let us inquire into the school facilities, the common school, and the disbursement of the common school fund. There is no one thing that betokens the intelligence of a community so decidedly as the existence of good schools. Go into any town, and if the boast is made of fine colleges and schools of good repute, there you will find people of refinement and culture. What a wonderful incentive it would be for a professional man to locate there.

Well, we have found good soil and first-class schools. I trust that there may be a *college* in the outskirts that we failed to see. I heard a gentleman remark once that you could judge a community

by the kind of *cemetery* they kept. Let us look at this home for the dead. Here, under its shade trees, *your* body may be laid to rest and those of your children and your wife. Wife! what a hal-
lowed name! After you have finished your life's work and are waiting for the final summons, you look back over the past and call her name blessed! Who was it that started with you in your profes-
sional career and promised at the altar to share life's burdens with you? Who was it that during the long and dreary days of waiting for practice cheered you, and showed not that she too was anxious? Who was it in the dark days, when you wondered if troubles would never cease, consoled you while tears of disappointment ran down her cheeks? Who was it, whether in poverty or riches, sorrow or gladness, affliction or health, sunshine or storm, adversity or prosperity, slander or praise, was always your silent but perfect "partner"? *Your wife*. Who cared for the household while you cared for the sick; who watched long into the night for your safe return while the storm raged without? Who saved here and economized there that you might not feel the touch of want; who risked health and the comforts of life that you might be happy and free from care? *Your wife*. It is she that will rest by your side in this mound

of earth after the curtain has fallen over her grave. Let the green grass wave, the stars sparkle and twinkle all the night long; the birds sing their sweetest carols and lullabys, the brook go dancing by on its way singing its murmuring song, and the night winds whisper their softest benedictions. She was faithful and true, even if the whole world proved false. Peace to her ashes! Before quitting the place it would be well to ask concerning the churches. It may be that during the busy life that you are to lead your thoughts may not drift into these channels, but think, at least, of the "little woman" and the children. I dare say that in this place of schools, society, and thrift you will find that the good people do not neglect assembling themselves together to render thanks to the giver of all perfect gifts.

So, I take it, that in this community you can "locate." Do not, I beg of you, do so with any idea of "moving to a larger field after a while." Such a place as has been described is likely known as a country "village" or "town." It may be that you have aspirations to be a "city doctor." Well enough and good, but let me beseech you to give the subject long and careful consideration before making the move. If after this you so conclude, the suggestions herein given may fit as well. Will

you permit a few personal reflections from one who has tried both? The young man who selects a city for his labors in the medical profession usually has a most difficult time of it for the first few years. This is especially true if he is handicapped by the want of funds. You must consider that the cost of living is much greater than in a smaller place; it is necessary that more money be expended in an office, etc., and the feeling will often creep over you that more attention is given to your competitor, who has money, than to you. The competition and rivalry are much greater, and, at last, it is only a comparative few who succeed to a large practice in a city. I have often been moved to a sense of compassion for the scores of young men who were merely eking out an existence in the large cities. True, that if you are possessed of wealth, are influential, or have friends who are, with energy and pluck you will succeed, after a while, no matter where you may locate. In the country things seem different; the doctor is the leading citizen; he numbers his friends by the score, and there is a freedom from care and great responsibility which constantly beset his city brother. You may say that a restricted field will not give you the opportunity you crave to gratify your ambition. Think of Ephraim McDowell, who did his great

work in a small country town, whose name to-day is quoted by every writer on surgery throughout the world. And, at last, what is ambition? Is it not enough to relieve physical suffering; to quiet the minds that are disturbed; to do up broken limbs; to care for woman as she goes through the throes of childbirth; to minister to the infant in arms; to soothe the dying? I say, is this not ambition enough? More than this will carry you into streams of trouble and sorrow too deep, often, for you to extricate yourself. It will teach you that "all that glitters is not gold"; that people and things are often not what they seem; that friendship is often but a name, and that after you have reached the very pinnacle of fame you will cry out, "All is vanity!" Compare this to the restful repose of life in the country. It has been said that "God made the country, man the city." Think of communing with nature every day; the tall oaks; the green grass; the babbling brooks. In lieu of the odors from sewers, factories, and mills, you have that from new-mown hay, the honeysuckle, and the thousand wild flowers that bloom on hill-side and in the valley. The country doctor: his name is a synonym of goodness and charity. Long after he has gone to rest will pleasant memories follow him. As I drift back in thought to my childhood

days, I can see an illustrious example of this good old country doctor. Of rugged frame and face marked with care; of stern appearance, yet kind to a fault; who faced the elements, be it storm or sunshine, daytime or nighttime, to serve the poor as well as the rich. Not college bred, 'tis true, but possessed of that faculty that makes men great indeed—good, hard, common sense. Its worth can not be overestimated and a substitute is of no avail. This man, aged by sympathy and unrest, caring more for the people than for self, working day in and day out for humanity's sake—what a wonderful tale he could tell after threescore years and ten. He is an honor to any country and an example to any man—this country doctor. So I say, take your choice and we will prepare for actual work.

Home. The parting from the old home is thus beautifully described by Elvira Sydnor Miller:

One of the saddest hours in one's life is that in which we part from a home that has been a scene of our sweetest and dearest joys. Every brick in the old house is sacred to us, every tree that casts its soft, green shadows over the doorway, every flower whose blossoms star the air with the glory of color. Beneath its sacred roof-tree those whom we have loved passed away into the silence. There joy and grief have abided with us, and the years, bright with sunshine and dark with shadows, have sped onward in their flight. When a man builds a home for those he

loves he puts something more than mere bricks and mortar into the building; his hopes, his dreams, his aspirations, his tenderness of heart, are incorporated with the structure. He rears a home for his loved ones, even as the birds of the air build their fragile nests, and like them, the storms and wintry weather of life tear down and destroy the habitation built with hands. An old home represents a lifetime to us. We see the sunset gilding its roof and firing its western windows, the flowers about it asleep in the light, the trees standing silent and somber in the evening glow, and a thousand recollections of past days throng upon us and wake the tears until we look back upon the paradise we are leaving through a mist of sadness, even as Eve upon the glowing blossoms and golden skies of her lost Eden. One can dream, perhaps, that Lucifer himself, the star of the morning, must have gazed, homesick and heartsick, upon the gleamy outlines of that starry heaven whose shining ways he was to tread no more.

Having now determined to cast your lot with these people in the delightful country town, the next thing in order is to select a home. Home! What a hallowed term. I have no doubt but that as you lisp it on your tongue your thoughts go back to the place where you were born. You can scarcely realize that it is to be no longer your home. For years to come your thoughts will travel back to this dear old place, and you will tell to your children, yea, and your grandchildren, the stories of your youth, and recite to them, with tear-stained face, the sweet memories of your childhood home.



The little wagon winds its way down the hill to the vine-clad cottage.

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Every hill-side, every valley is sacred to you ; the old pump, the pond, the cellar door, the trees, the lowing of the cows coming home, all bring back to you days that must now be forgot. Yet, awhile, you remember the gray-haired mother who nursed you through sickness and cheered you always, who bade you be a good boy when you started out from her to face the world, and the stern old man who, it is true, grumbled a bit because of the little extras that you would heap up at college ; but, bless his soul, how proud he is to-day of his doctor son. Time will never, and should never, efface these from your memory.

You are to select a *home*. Shall it be in a boarding house or a cottage ? By all means the latter. Why, if you are boarding in a house it is *their* home, not yours. Not a thing can you call your own — an ax, a hoe, a chair, or a table. You will never feel that exhilaration of independence that comes to a man who can say “I own this and that.” Oh, no; you may not own your house at first, but you can call it home, for in and around it are the things that constitute one’s abiding place. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of the old arm-chair, and the cooing of the doves in the trees, all sound so different than when fettered, as it were, in the home of others.

Again : you want your children to have the freedom that should be guaranteed to youth, and the implanting within them that love of home which has solaced you for so many years. Let it, then, be a house of your own, or at least that you will control, that you will make your habitat. It need not be pretentious—say five rooms—a sitting room, a bed room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a guest's chamber. Don't forget the last-named, for don't you know that the "Governor" and the good old mother are to come often to see you? I imagine that I see them now as the little wagon winds its way down the hill to the vine-clad cottage, the first visit to the "doctor" and his wife. The thoughts that fill their bosoms we will not attempt to penetrate. Their arrival is marked by the barking of the dog and the hustling of the children, or perhaps it is only one little blue-eyed babe that is to welcome them, and they have come to its christening. No trunks are lifted out of the wagon, but bundle after bundle; one is very heavy, and its contents can not be misjudged, for the flavor of old sugar-cured ham can not be concealed by the bag; and cans containing all kinds of fruits put up by those dear hands that coddled *you* when a babe, and a jar of honey, "home-made honey"; for did not the very bees that so often in the past make

you afraid manufacture it and send it as a peace-offering for the many times that they have frightened, perhaps stung you? It has been said by the old folks before starting, "Let's take these few things along with us; it is not much, but it will help the young folks along a little."

Yes, your good old mother and father will come often to see you, and so will your wife's father and mother—your mother-in-law. How many cruel jokes have been perpetrated in her name, "mother-in-law." Think of the man who, when telegraphed to that his mother-in-law was dead, and was asked if they should embalm or cremate the body, replied "Do *both*, and take no chances." It is well that all allusions to the mother-in-law, that do not carry credit with them, are understood to be in jest. Her place can never be supplied by any save the real mother. In sickness she awaits no summons, but rushes to your bedside; she takes care of your children, and bears the hardships which such service entails and counts it a pleasure. Her touch is the most delicate, her voice the sweetest, her footstep the lightest of all, save the real mother. She helps bear your burdens, smooths your pathway, and loves you as her own. All honor to her name, and may her last days be free from care. Yes, your mother-in-law will come to see you.

If it happens, and it is sure to do so, that the time ever comes that because of age or infirmity these dear parents can not come to you, do not neglect the opportunity to go often to them. The day is not far distant when you will receive a summons to come in haste, and even then it may be too late. The heart that loved you so is now still, and the busy hands that cared for you when you could not care for yourself are now at rest. No greeting, no clasping you to the dear old bosom ; and many years will be spent by you in sorrow and remorse if you have allowed business or pleasure to prevent you from going often to see them when they could not come to see you. Do not forget or neglect the "old folks."

Yes, you must have a *guest's* room. No home should be so reserved as not to be glad to admit an old friend or the stranger within its gates. Perhaps you will have noticed that I have neglected or forgotten to include a "parlor" in the list of rooms. No, not forgotten ; but of all useless things to a hospitable home is a so-called parlor. Did you never pay a call during the week-days to a friend's house in the country and be ushered into the "parlor" on a cold winter's day ? Even the thought of it is chilling. No fire ; the window blinds, which have been closed since the first frost, render the room

utterly dark. Groping around, you are apt to overturn a chair or table, and while waiting for the friend to make his appearance you walk around inspecting whatever can be seen by the ray of light that is trying, like an intruding thing, to enter the room through closed blinds and shutters. Here on a marble-top table is an oval glass cover which rests on a black walnut or black-painted base (the same material of which cheap coffins are made), covering what is supposed to be an imitation (in wax) of some variety of familiar fruit. Don't attempt to guess what variety, for you might mistake a peach for a pear, or vice versa. On the wall hangs another glass case, somewhat smaller but of the same design. This contains some hair, dark or blonde, done up in fantastic design, and you are reminded that it belonged to dear "Aramintha," who departed this life some forty years ago. In another case or home-made frame is an inscription "worked by my own hands," or possibly by "Aramintha's" before she took her departure. It reads, "What is home without a mother?" Before you have time to make further inspection the friend arrives and you are ushered into the opposite—family room, where a great, hot, log wood fire awaits you, when you proceed to "thaw out." A few years ago a distinguished teacher and good doctor

friend of mine died from having pneumonia, the result of waiting in one of these "vaults," called parlors, until the patient was ready to "see him." Do you blame me for being prejudiced against all such? No; don't let's have a parlor, but instead a "sitting room" where every one is welcome.

Being now ensconced in your home, it will be necessary to "look around" for an office.

THE OFFICE.

Of course the little wife will urge upon you to take the "front room" of the cottage. Bless her soul, she does it because she knows it to be the best room, and, too, to save expense. But don't you do it, not to be obstinate, of course, but she knows not what she doeth; she will soon realize from what you have saved her. Old Jim Smith stops in a while after supper, just to have a chat and talk about his "rheumatiz." Besides spitting tobacco juice over the floor, he will think it disrespectful to leave before bedtime. Dinner being announced, Jack Jones will go into same, "bein'" as he is "on the ground." Mrs. Merrygoround steps in to see "Doc.," but as it happens that he is not in, she takes a seat and for a few hours beguiles the wife with the family afflictions. It would not take many months of this to convince the little woman that it

was best not to have the office "in the house." If at all possible secure an office easy of access and having *two* rooms. Don't be persuaded, or persuade yourself, that any "old thing" will do, for it will not. If you can not find an office on the ground floor, take some rooms that are "up-stairs."

It has always been a thing of wonder to me why a man who insists upon having everything arranged with precision and to a nicety at his residence should be content to put up with filth and disorder at the place he calls his office. Many times I have gone into such places and it was with difficulty that a decent seat could be found. A saddle and bridle here, a broken stool and a worse chair there, a room that had not been swept for ages and window panes that had never been washed, tobacco juice and cigar stumps *ad nauseam*, and a stove that had never become acquainted with a polish. And in this place he would receive, examine, and prescribe for women of refinement and culture. Wonder it is that he ever had a patient, but—well, it was just as good as the other doctors had.

Do not begin your professional career in any such manner. You owe it to yourself, your wife, and the community to surround yourself with more attractive quarters in which to receive your patients. Two rooms it must be—one a reception room, the other

for privacy and examinations. The bare rooms will not suffice, so call in consultation the "silent partner," and she will give you most valuable suggestions. The place must be furnished and decorated, and who can do this so well as the wife? Man is able to cope with the world and fight the strong battle of life; woman, by her intuitive knowledge, will save him from many an attack and help him win the fight. Man will amass fortunes by conquering all obstacles that may come in his way; woman will teach him how to retain them. Man will perform the most difficult of surgical operations, woman will add the condolence and sympathy that will insure a perfect result. You may furnish the rooms necessary to your work, but the wife must add the touches that will make it not only habitable but pleasing. A carpet must be bought, and some linoleum or matting; the walls must be papered; some window shades, a rug, perhaps, a few chairs, and a picture purchased; a little decoration for the walls or mantelpiece, and, thanks to her deft fingers and quick perception, you are nearly ready to begin business. Not quite, for an examining table must be had, and the *sign*.

If you are not possessed of enough money to buy one of the numerous patterns of tables that are on the market you can make, or have made,

one in a little time that will do for all practical purposes. Have a carpenter make a common board table four feet long, three and one half feet high, and three feet broad, the top so made that it will elevate; a piece of board placed behind and held there will keep the top stationary. Two leaves can be suspended at the bottom by hinges. Use this until you are able to buy a better one. Now the sign. This, to the young doctor, is of the greatest importance. He has thought of it many times in his quiet hours, and now that he is to give the order for its making he hesitates, for he must decide a number of questions in regard to it. How large must it be; how long, how wide? Should it be of dark background with white letters, or a white background with black letters? No, there is a commonness about both these. How would a green background and gold letters look? You decide on this and go to tell the "partner." She hears it all, then modestly suggests that a *black* background with gilt letters would look best. Of course you admit it, and many and many will be the times in your future life that you will "admit" that her plan is the best and her way the proper way. Many a man would have been saved from financial ruin, degradation, and sorrow had he "listened to" his wife.

The inscription. You write, "I. Will Catchem, M. D." This does not seem to convey enough meaning, so you try again: "Doctor I. Will Catchem," and add "Physician and Surgeon," but *she* suggests "I. W. Catchem, M. D.," and so it is agreed. The sign completed, it must be put in place. Would it look better nailed to the "outward walls," or suspended by iron bar? You are willing now that she should decide. But you had not calculated that the swinging of this sign to the breeze would be an "event" in the village. With hatchet, nails, and sign in hand the start is made for the office. The little procession, composed of yourself, wife, and dog, wend along a back street, but before many paces are made the procession is added to by the presence of numerous urchins, and when the work of "putting up" is begun the grocer across the way appears at his front door, the butcher ceases to "chop meat," and the shoemaker lays down his "last" in order to see what is going on. It never dawned on you till now that a feeling of real modesty, not to say shame, could creep over you during so simple an act as "putting up" your sign. But you are convinced of it now, and with great trepidation you mount the stool to begin operations. During your early days of education the teacher had neglected to say to you that it was

important that you become acquainted with the art of driving a nail. You realize before this sign is hung how derelict he was in his duty. You place this precious piece of tin upon the iron rod, then with a slight peg it is held to its place, then raising the iron rod, which has been bent to a proper angle, you proceed to "nail it to the wall." The little wife seeing your embarrassment—who of that attentive crowd does not—stands just within doors and in a subdued tone says, "A little more to the right, Jack, a little more to the right." As the days come and go, when age creeps on you apace, when eyes grow dim, the cheeks turn pale, the limbs totter and hair turns white, you will still hear the echo of that voice, forever stilled now, "A little to the right, Jack, a little to the right." It is well with you if, during the elapse of these many years, you have heeded that sweet and loving advice. You raise the hatchet in the air, and with what you thought a well-directed blow it descends, not upon the nail, but upon your finger. Stars come and go, lightnings flash and thunders roll; you forget for the moment the presence of the anxious crowd or the Sunday-school sentiments of your youth; your face turns red, the hatchet drops, perspiration stands as beads on your forehead, you swallow saliva by the mouthful; but it will come out, you

must give expression to your sentiments, and you must admit it ; the sign, this sign that but a few moments ago you would have taken off your hat to in humble respect, is *damned*. One minute afterward you would have given "the world" if you had not said it, for what would she say? Glancing sideways into the door you see her, a tear, yes, a tear upon her cheek, but a twinkle in her eye and a twitching of the muscles of her face that indicates a smile. You close the door, take her in your arms, and promise never to say it again. She suggests that it might be a good idea to have the *carpenter* put up the sign, and this was done—after nightfall.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Irving says of Goldsmith, when he re-entered the medical profession for the purpose of securing an income, that he appeared in a professional wig, a cane, purple silk small-clothes, and scarlet *roque-laure* buttoned to the chin.

A distinguished president of a great system of railways said to young men, "If you have twenty-five dollars and want a job it is better to spend twenty dollars for clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair cut, and a clean



“A little more to the right, Jack, a little more to the right.”

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collar and walk to the place than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."

Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have gotten many a man a good job, and so good clothes and a neat appearance will get you many a good patient.

I do not think it out of place, now that you are to begin practice, if a few suggestions of a personal nature should be considered. Man, at best, is a helpless creature where anything looking to his personal adornment is concerned. Men may succeed in being crowned by fame, yet it would puzzle them to tie a cravat correctly. They may attain to great estate by individual effort, but they could not succeed in finding a collar-button, although it was just "under their nose." Indeed, the average man is not fit to occupy apartments alone, for in a very short time they would be uninhabitable. If a man decides to adorn himself in the latest fashion he is apt to put on a blue shirt with a full-dress suit, or a plaid pair of trousers with a Tuxedo coat. He must, at all times and in all places, have a hand more deft than his to guide and help in his personal adornment. The *minutia*, therefore, I will leave to *her* sure and unerring hand.

Some men seem to think—some doctors—that the matter of apparel does not require considera-

tion or attention. He does not stop to think that he is a public servant, and to this public he owes a proper amount of respect. The gallant gentleman who lifts his hat to all ladies, and would count it a discourtesy to sit while his elder stood, surely will not feel aggrieved if it is suggested that the tobacco juice should be wiped off his chin, or that he should not expectorate in a street car. Yet these delicate distinctions seem to some to be invidious and commonplace. It is not necessary to buy costly clothing in order to be neat, and shoe polish is not expensive. I have known men who were exacting when manners were concerned that would appear in the presence of ladies with unkempt hair or a soiled shirt. Gaudiness is to be discountenanced in either man or woman, but neatness, even in simplicity, is to be commended. Let your dress, like your speech, be above reproach. Cleanliness is a virtue, and filthiness, either in character or clothes, is to be abhorred. Patients are acute observers, and the least thing smacking of vulgarity is repulsive to them. Exercise discretion in dress as you would in the buying of a horse, and let your personal appearance always bespeak the gentleman.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE

In the previous chapters I have talked with you as "one married man talks to another." It may be that some doctors who will read my "suggestions" are unmarried. To all such I can say "more's the pity." And yet it must be admitted that there are many valid reasons for a man not entering into this blissful or unblissful life. I know a physician of great distinction of whom it is well known that his reason for not marrying was his devotion to his aged mother. How sweet it is to contemplate this considerate care of one who, in this busy world, with the responsibility of many things resting upon him, let nothing prevent or interfere with his duty and affection for his mother. I have seen this doctor many times at the annual meetings of the American Medical Association accompanied by this dear old sweet-faced mother. As I would watch his constant care of her, his strong arm supporting her, and his soothing voice comforting her, I could quite understand that this peaceful relation should not be disturbed. It was but a few days ago that during a visit to his city I said, on greeting him, "And how is mother?"

With sad countenance he replied, "Why, don't you know that mother is dead?" I walked silently away, and reflected: Oh, you dutiful son, you have nothing to regret, you gave to her the affection of your very best days, you comforted and made her last days her most pleasant ones; you cared for her, as she had cared for you, and now she has been gently laid to rest by your own loving hands. Let this lesson taught by one of your own professional brothers be an object-lesson to you all your life long. As you lisped the name of *mother* with prattling lips, let her name and admonitions go with you down to the grave. Another physician told me that his reason for not marrying was that he was too poor, or at least that he did not feel that he could support a wife in the style that she deserved. This was a kindly and considerate reason. It is due a woman that she should not be pulled down, as it were, from affluence to what she would consider a poor condition without a full explanation and concurrence. And on the other hand nothing would so embarrass a young doctor as to have a disappointed woman on his hands. While we are considering the business side of this very important question we can afford to be more explicit. A young man who has any sort of a start in the practice of medicine can

not be regarded as a very poor individual from a financial standpoint, though it may be that he has no money. Such a one can afford to say to the lady in question or contemplation, "I possess the equivalent of your ten thousand dollars in my *diploma*. With it as a certificate of my ability to practice medicine I propose to, at least, make the very first year the sum which will represent the investment of your money at legal interest, six per cent, namely, six hundred dollars." This would be a revelation, and should teach her that although you may not be a bloated bondholder you are not the "poor trash" she took you to be. In the same ratio, say that you have a practice that yields the sum of three thousand dollars a year, this gives you the net value of *fifty thousand* dollars invested at six per cent interest. Why, you are richer than you thought, so don't allow any damsel, however fair, to ride rough-shod over you when it comes to a matter of money. Let me assure you that when your name is mentioned in the house the father is more than likely to remark, "This young man promises much; I have watched his career in this community; I know him to be of good morals, excellent character, energetic, and a first-rate doctor." Think you that such an endorsement from the "head of the house" will not have effect

in the right direction ? I will admit that often, too often, young ladies are influenced in their decision in this matter by glib tongues, fancy neck-wear, money, position, and the ability to waltz well more than by morals, brains, energy, ambition, and fidelity to duty; but it is not this class you are looking for, so I would dismiss them, but before doing so let me warn you that you might catch one "unawares"; if so, God have mercy on your soul.

Viewing marriage from a monetary standpoint, a distinguished physician living in a large city recently wrote, and I submit his thoughts to you for careful consideration without comment :

It is not only legitimate, but perfectly ethical, for a moral young doctor to fall in love, and there are very few wealthy families in the country who do not fancy a rising young physician for a prospective son-in-law. Thus business can be combined with pleasure, viewing the matter from a practical standpoint. It may be said that such conduct partakes more of the mercenary than the sentimental; but why should not young doctors have the choice of all that gathers where wealth and beauty abound? A half-starved young disciple of Æsculapius has no business in marrying and half starving some pretty girl without means, and the latter, as a rule, are wise enough not to allow their sentiment to run away with their better judgment; the son of a multi-millionaire is their acme of ambition, and most wisely so, for a rich man's son may be married without any failure of self-respect or public esteem. Indeed, the poor girl who

gains one should be congratulated, and her error, as regards sentiment, of sins of omission and commission, condoned. Many a lone maid of fortune has gone single for a lifetime because some proud but poor young man failed to ask her hand and heart. Every promising young doctor is certainly entitled to success, and success in life more often comes through the woman than the man, for the American girl has ever been the maker of great men. True it is that we have known young doctors engaged to be married year after year to some beautiful girl, waiting for the time when their profession made them self-independent enough to take her for wife, waiting until the girl's hair grew gray, and no other admirer daring to look askance. Long engagements, based on the hope of coming business prosperity on the part of the man, are mistakes ; they are an injustice to both parties concerned. True it is many such engagements turn out most happily, but love at an elderly age is scarcely tinged by the sentimental, and in the end turns out, as a rule, to be eminently of the practical sort.

People of refinement and education with no means are plentiful in this country ; they have all the social aspirations and ambitions, and consequently the lack of success implies sadness rather than prospective happiness. What were twenty years since regarded as luxuries are now deemed, even by the hard-working classes, necessities. The ideal love, the one of the poets and artists, was formerly love in a cottage ; now the cottage must be at the seaside in summer, and a high-priced and richly furnished flat an absolute requirement of winter.

Another reason given me by a young doctor for not taking upon himself the marital relation was a melancholy one. It was that he was in ill-health.

How just and merciful was this young man. No doubt but that he had at one time or another felt his bosom rise and his heart beat in response to that feeling that makes all hearts glad; in moments of sadness the tear of disappointment has bedimmed his eye; his heart has yearned for the fulfillment of the tie that makes the world brighter and strews our pathway with flowers; he has felt the heat of breath, has kissed the warm lips, has clasped tenderly the gentle form of the one that he loves. Yet this, all this, must be as naught to him. What a sacrifice, but it must be made! Duty rises above all things earthly, and he forfeits the claim though it breaks his heart. Yes, he did the proper thing, for no man has the right to imperil the lives of others by the transmission of disease to them. Better, far better, to bear the disappointments and sorrows alone than to give to posterity a physical blight that would make them accursed among men.

Let your admonitions be that those suffering from certain forms of disease *must* not enter the married state. "The sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children, yea, unto the fourth generation." I recognize that we tread not only upon sacred, but dangerous ground as well, when we attempt to deal with the marriage relation. Yet I feel that my duty would not be completed unless I talked to you

freely upon this, the most important subject that will ever engage your attention.

To those of my readers that are already married I would bless with the sweetest benediction, and pray that all your life long you may find the most perfect joy around your hearthstone. To the young doctor that has not yet been so blessed I would ask that he "lend me his ear." I have known a misguided step in this direction to ruin a man's life; to pull down a doctor from an exalted position in his profession to the very depths of degradation; to make good men bad; to wreck ambition and to make a very hell of a home where peace and quiet once reigned. On the other hand, I have known men addicted to all manner of sins and vices made upright and moral; men of poor estate to become enriched in this world's goods; men of mediocre attainments to rise to high positions; the slothful to become diligent; the profane to cease their profanity; drunkards to be reformed, and corrupt men to become men of high honor and esteem by the efforts of a good wife. "Look you then upon this picture, and upon that." There must be a reason for all this. Should you not strive to discern it? It lies in the selection you make of the woman who is to be "bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh." Look

well to this selection. But you will say, "Am I not to marry the woman whom I love?" "Yes," I would reply, "if you love the *right* woman." If you were going to purchase a house would you not look to see if the walls were defective? I admired a most beautiful horse once, but found that he was too lame to be of any service. For what are you to love a woman—her pretty face and elegance of figure? A wax doll is very much the same, and a butterfly loses its beauty in a day. A beautiful woman—the Creator's most perfect handiwork! The attempt of the artist to catch the rich coloring of her cheeks, the depth of her great blue eyes, the radiance of expression, the turn of lip, the taper of fingers, and the luster of her hair is futile, and his brush falls to the ground in utter ignominy. To paraphrase: "God possibly could have made a more beautiful thing than a beautiful *woman*, but he never did." Think of her power. A man will go on bended knee to her; the clasp of her hand can drive him mad, and to touch her lips he would sacrifice wealth and honor. Madness, despair, drunkenness, and sorrow go in her wake, for men would creep in mire and filth to do her command. The history of the world recites more than one Antony and Cleopatra, and thousands have gone to their death by drink, by opiate, and by the pistol-

shot as the result of her presence and influence. No, not alone for beauty of face, but rather beauty of character should you select the one who is to share your burdens as well as your joys. One possessed of natural grace, of comely appearance, of health; whose disposition is as charming as her traits; whose laughter is contagious. One whom men speak well of and women praise. Educated, refined, and of quick perception, not given to gossip or an evil tongue; one who believes that "this is a beautiful world and filled with very pleasant people"; one who knows not cant, hypocrisy, or deceit, and whose manner is that of the perfect *lady*. Take her, for she will be an honor to you, and her glory will be everlasting.

CHAPTER IV

ETHICS

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, and if you are ever in doubt about the proper course to pursue, consult the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST YEAR

You will now observe that people frequently call the doctor "Doc." One would think that it is a simple abbreviation, but I am satisfied, after giving the subject careful consideration for over thirty years, that it is not so. These good common folk think to pay you a compliment, or in other words come nearer your heart by bestowing upon you that which they believe to be a more affectionate term than that of doctor; so, therefore, subdue your dignity, or wrath if you have it, and take this mark of esteem in the manner that it is intended. This is a very different thing from being called by your given name by a man that has not known you over fifteen minutes, and for whom you have no degree of respect; or the man with whom you have no relations, who on meeting you habitually "slaps" you on the back, when it would be more congenial to you to have him fifteen miles away. This is where "familiarity breeds contempt" and calls for resentment, but "what's the use?"

The sign up, the office furnished, and the larder well or partially filled, you are now ready to begin practice. There are some resolutions that you

should now make and faithfully carry out during your whole professional life:

First. That you will be just, and wrong no man. I believe that it can be truthfully said of the medical profession, that for the opportunities offered it is the most honest of all vocations. The patient is at your mercy in many ways—his (or her) life, character, and money. It would be an easy thing to deceive him and wrong him in any one of these particulars. If you are not competent to battle with his disease, be *just* and *honest*, and tell him so. This very honesty will redound to your credit in a hundred ways. You may not be able to make a proper diagnosis: lose no time in calling for help. You may not be able to perform a certain surgical operation: send for one who is. You may be in doubt: give your patient the benefit of the doubt. It is a narrow spirit, indeed, that would not do each of these were it necessary. Remember that the life of a human being may rest upon your honesty of purpose and quick decision. It is painful to know that there are doctors who for fear that their talents may be underestimated will deliberately undertake to do things in medicine or surgery which they know to be impossible for them to do. This is little less than criminal. Many lives have been sacrificed by such bigotry.

If you have in the proper way prepared yourself to cope with the case in hand, and have the consent of an honest conscience, go ahead, and you will feel no remorse, be the result what it may. The character of your patient is at your mercy. He is often forced to confide in you secrets of such a nature that, were they known, would ruin him socially, and possibly financially and morally. I will not stop here to argue with those who say that if one has sinned, he deserves to be exposed. It certainly is not *your* duty to expose them, and if perchance their secrets should become known, you are not to confirm such reports. The secrets of the sick chamber are sacred, and no court or person should have the right to compel you to divulge them. Let your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth and your arm be palsied at your side before you betray them. It must be understood that there are things and conditions which exist between physician and patient sometimes that are just as secret in nature as those hinted at, and are without sin or censure. The family doctor is intrusted with things of the greatest moment, financial and otherwise. And, too, disease may come to the most innocent, of a nature that is most damaging, yet the world might be unable to draw a distinction of classes, and the pure and virtuous would be

wrongfully damaged by idle tongues. Look to it that you protect all such.

Second. That you will always be ready to serve the poor, even without price. The rich can take care of themselves, but the poor are dependent upon others. You can be the means of giving to them the greatest of all charities — medical attention when sick and afflicted. The world is dark enough to them, God knows, so never fail to lighten their burdens whenever you can. At last, they are the best and truest of friends. A kind word, a smile, a little interest in their welfare goes a long way with them, and their blessing is worth more to you than an idle compliment from a higher source. It is a pleasant memory to the writer that upon one occasion a member of his own family, who was a doctor, upon being called to see a rich patient replied: “You are able to employ another physician; I will go with this poor man, who is not able to pay.” He has long since gone to his reward, and I do not question but that this act will be set down to his credit by the Creator of men. Let it never be said of you that you refused at any time to attend the poor when able to do so.

Third. That you will put an honest estimate upon your services, and *demand* that they be paid for by every one able to do so. It is no credit to a

doctor to say of him that he is a poor business man, a bad collector, etc. Yet it has become proverbial that, as a class, the medical profession is composed of men who know absolutely nothing about business methods. You will underrate your profession and do an injustice to your family if you pursue such a course ; in doing so you get no credit and deserve none. As I will have more to say on this subject I will make this hint suffice here.

In this connection I will relate two odd ways of collecting old debts. An old doctor once told me how he collected a debt of long standing. A man living up in the hills had persisted for ten long years in saying that he was unable to pay anything on account. On one occasion the doctor was told that this party had taken his year's crop of tobacco to town to sell. The doctor waited patiently for his return, and one day was rewarded by seeing him get off the train. Walking up to him he addressed him thus : " Jim, I came very near having a fight about you last night." " Why, how was that, Doc. ?" " Well, you see, a number of us were congregated at the corner store as usual after supper when *your* name was introduced. One man said that he regarded you as a consummate dead beat who would never pay your debts, and strange to say, Jim, every one present agreed with him. I spoke

up and said: 'Gentlemen, you must not say that about Jim, for he is all right ; all he needs is time to pay his debts.' One spoke up and said : 'Well, I always knew he wanted somebody to pay them, and if *time* will pay them, you bet he will let *time* do it.' This made me mad and we got into a quarrel which came near winding up in a fight, and all about you." "Doc.," says Jim, "I always knew that you were a friend of mine ; and, by the way, Doc., how much do I owe you on that old account?" "Well, Jim, you owe all of it, as you have never paid me a cent, and it has been running for over ten years." "Here, Doc.," says Jim, "is a ten-dollar bill, and I will hand you another when I sell my tobacco next year." The old doctor, in relating the story, said it was just like finding it in the road or in a horse-shoe track. If all plans fail, you might try this one, and if it works give the amount to your wife for "pin money."

A young physician of athletic proportions was standing at a wharf on the Kentucky River when a gentleman approached him and asked if he could not pay a small amount that he owed him. It was well known of this young doctor that he was a "poor collector" and seldom had money. In reply to the request of the gentleman, he said : "Just wait a minute, and I will get the amount and

pay you." Walking over to a tall fellow, he said : "Bill, I owe a gentleman five dollars, and he has asked me for it ; please let me have it." "Why, Doc.," said the man, "I haven't a cent." "Oh, yes you have, Bill, for I just this minute saw a gentleman pay you for your tobacco." Changing his tune, he replied : "But, Doc., I can not spare a cent of that." "Bill," asked the doctor, "for what length of time have I attended your family?" "For about four years, I think, Doc." "Did I ever ask you for money before this, or did you ever pay me any?" "No, Doc.," said Bill. "Well, now, I will give you two alternatives and you can accept either one. You must give me five dollars in the next two minutes or go into that river head foremost." Bill, thinking that the doctor was jesting, again refused, when he was taken by the nape of the neck and the seat of his trousers and thrown bodily into the river. A bystander told me that "Bill" had a difficult time of it to get out, but that he received no help from the crowd on the wharf, all of them being on the "doctor's side." For simple diversion you might try this plan some time, and if you do not get the money, like the doctor you will be repaid in "satisfaction."

Fourth. That you will never misrepresent the attainments of any doctor or deride him in any way.

I am sorry to chronicle the fact that I have known members of the profession to willingly, if not with malice aforethought, misrepresent their medical brethren. Such a thing should be unknown in any collection of gentlemen. Oftentimes you are not acquainted with the facts except upon mere "hear-say," and such evidence is the vilest of all and would not be admitted by any court or other tribunal of justice. Even admitting that you are possessed of facts sufficient to establish the truthfulness of your assertion, it is unjust and ungentlemanly to use them save in the rarest of cases. Neither should you deride your professional brother. Life is too short and duty too exacting to have bitter controversies, to deal in vituperation, or seek to do injury to one who has not harmed you. Men are often better than they seem, nor can they always be told by their exterior. I have in mind a man of cold but dignified bearing, of few words, and a manner that would seem to indicate an icy feeling for his fellow-man, yet I have seen this man moved to tears by sympathy for others. Don't judge men by what other people say of them, but by what you really know, and then be *sure* that you *know* it. You must remember that you are judging the whole world by one standard. This will never do, for men are wielded and controlled by

circumstance, and environment has much to do with making character. Many things — good or bad looks, disposition, manner, intelligence, and a host of others — come by inheritance. Rather blame circumstance, environment, or the Creator, than the individual. A large man, of phlegmatic disposition, was chiding a small, irritable man for being angry: “Go away,” said the little man, “you are not the one to rebuke me; I have been madder in the last fifteen minutes than you have been during your whole life.” So it is; we are not all built the same way, so overlook the supposed fault of others and keep a keen eye on yourself. Do not deride any man, for you yourself may reap derision.

Fifth. That you will not be misled by idle gossip, and will never indulge in the same yourself. Puck exclaims “How the world is given to lying!” he could have added, “and to gossip.” You will not be long in the medical profession before you realize that the world is full of it. No profession, trade, or avocation but what is infected by it. It is a powerful weapon, and by its thrusts homes have been wrecked, men sent to the madhouse, the fair name of woman despoiled, and fortunes swept away as by the wind. Its tongue is as vile as hell, its bite as venomous as the scorpion, and it feeds upon virtue and the good name of its victims. It is the

devil incarnate, insatiable, corrupt, and degrades by its polluting breath. Have none of it, but put it by as you would the rattlesnake that had crept into your bosom. Men and women will come to you under cover of professed friendship and recite their damnable tales of gossip, knowing full well that there is no truth in them, and gloat over the sorrows of their victims as a panther gloats over its fallen prey; a sweet morsel rolled under the tongue, composed of malice, envy, jealousy, falsehood, and bitter hatred. Stamp your foot upon it as you would upon the slimy serpent under your foot. When men come to you to tell some nauseous tale, what this one or that one has said about you, turn a deaf ear. When women delight to narrate their morbid effusions—this patient said that, the family did this, “confidentially”—tell them to “Go to! go to!” Let not your tongue be guilty of repeating any such, but rather be prepared always to defend character and protect virtue. Avoid sarcasm, also, for it is a twin brother of gossip. Its shafts have pierced many hearts and caused many bitter tears; it is a “thorn in the flesh,” and before you are aware of it it will drive from you friends of a lifetime. It is a whip that stings and is always a thing of torture, although the victim may receive it with smiles. Why do such an

extraordinary number of people indulge themselves so wantonly in verbal cruelty? It is common for those who, so far as action is concerned, leave little to be desired, to go about armed with this whip with which to torment their neighbors. They get so much pleasure out of watching the accurate way in which their cuts go home and the wincing of their victims that finally the sport becomes absorbing, and they do not spare even those they love, until one day they find, to their horror, that they have destroyed that delicate plant known as natural affection.

Sixth. Remember to keep your wife's secrets from your patients, and your patients' secrets from your wife. This injunction is not meant, and can not be construed, to be any reflection upon the good wife. She is not interested in things of a private nature which concerns your patients, and surely your patients have no right to be informed of the private affairs of your home. Again, "there are wives and wives." We are easily convinced that our neighbor's wife may "tell tales out of school," but ours, no! never. Well, our neighbors may have the same process of reasoning. Let each, your home and your patients' bedside, be a holy, sacred place, and nothing must enter therein to cause discord or make afraid.

It is night—the first night in your *home*. The sign is hung and the office is ready for the reception of patients. The first meal has been eaten, the dishes cleared away, and you and your “partner” are sitting around the hearth. The logs of wood crack and splutter as they send out the bright flame that makes you so warm and comfortable that you forget the blasts of winter outside the door. You watch the flame as it grows larger and larger, and climbs higher and higher, and in your reverie you imagine that this is symbolic of your ambition. “Well, I, like this flame, will ascend higher and higher in the estimation of the people. Will my life be as bright as is shown in its effulgence; will I be able to overcome all obstacles as it does on its march upward; will I spread warmth and comfort to the sick and distressed as it does to me?” So long has been your reverie that the blaze is gone and nothing but embers are left. So you say, “Will this be my life?—in youth the glare, the light, the warmth; then comes age creeping on, and all that is left is embers—dead embers.” “Jack”—this is your nickname, born of love, in the heart of her that speaks—“don’t you think that you have mused long enough?” You are aroused, and the clock on the wall tolls out the hour of twelve. The clock

on the wall—the dear old clock! What an important factor you are, to be sure, in the transactions of this busy world. You tell us the hour to get out of bed and the time to retire. What an exacting master you are, indeed. Children abuse and fuss at you for interrupting their games and putting them to bed, or sending them to school; the frivolous young maiden scolds or praises you in turn as you bring her sweetheart to her or keep him away one minute *in time*; the young man blesses or curses you for being slow or fast, as suits his plans; you regulate and control the affairs of men, and wait not for women to beautify their faces; by your dictation dinner is served, the cows come home, and the sun goes down behind the horizon; you direct the moving of trains, the sailing of ships, and the attack of armies in battle; you bring us into this world *on time*, and sound the last note at the departure of the soul. “The child was born at twelve minutes before nine, but the fond mother died at *precisely ten minutes* past twelve *by the clock*.”

You retire, but are able to sleep only by “fits and starts” at first; at last consciousness is gone, and you are wrapped in heavy slumber. You are awakened by the barking of the dog. You lose consciousness again for just a minute, but it seems

an hour, so rapidly did you move through dream-land. It is said that occurrences which it would take hours to fulfill rush through the mind in one minute's time in a dream. You dreamt that misfortune had overtaken you; that "in rags and tatters" you had left your home; that all your friends had deserted you, and that homeless and friendless you were wandering through the world alone—no, not alone, for by your side was one faithful companion, the dog. You say to him, "Good and true, faithful and confiding friend, starvation can not daunt your affection nor fatigue cause you to desert. Would that the world would profit by your example, for then deceit and hypocrisy would be unknown." A loud, clear voice calls "Hello," at the gate, and this time you are awakened indeed. Is it not strange that the bark of a *dog* could suggest such a dream?—but it is true. You awake with a start, and wonder what on earth it can mean at this late hour of night. Some one must be in distress; perhaps a fire in the neighborhood, or burglars in the house. Turning to the little woman by your side you ask its meaning, when she, in turn, suggests that possibly it may be a "call" for the doctor. Man-like, you say to her that she had better hoist the window and inquire what the matter is. Foolish woman, she proceeds

at once to execute this suggestion. Could she but read the future she would hesitate before doing so, but, woman-like, she does not stop to consider when danger threatens. Many, many nights, as the years come and go apace, she will be called to do this self-same thing. Yea, more than this, she will be forced to perjure herself, as, for instance, this conversation will take place while she stands at the window with the cold wintry blast blowing in upon her: Husband: "Ask him who is sick." Wife: "Who is sick?" Messenger: "Tom Jones." Husband: "Say that I am not at home." Wife (with weak voice): "The doctor is not at home." Shame on you! How will you ever get forgiveness for compelling that dear Christian truthful wife of yours to tell this same falsehood over and over again? On this particular *first* night the following conversation took place: Wife (at window): "What is the matter?" Man (at the gate): "Mrs. Goeasy's child, down on the creek, is dying and wants the doctor to come as quick as possible." Wife: "The doctor lives down the — Oh! you mean Jack—say, Jack, the man wants you—it's a call, it's a call, Jack!" You get up, dress in a hurry, go to the stable, saddle your horse in a jiffy, and ride hurriedly away with the man. No more sleep for the little woman that

night, but she gets up, busies herself about the house, and muses: "Well, well; isn't this fortunate, a call the very first night. I wonder if the child is *very* sick; but that doesn't matter, 'Jack' will cure it." So like the true and faithful wife! I wonder, sometimes, if we appreciate them one half as much as they deserve. Come what will, poverty, sickness, or crime, she stands ready to defend. Men may slander and women abuse, but she is unmoved in her fidelity. Friends may prove false and those of your own blood revile you, but she never deserts her post, which has for its foundation love, affection, and trust. She still muses: "Wonder if Jack will know the way back; suppose that he should get wet!" Never mind, little woman, let him get used to it. In the coming years there will be many dark nights, the thunders will roll, the lightning flash, and the rain come down on "poor" Jack's head. He has joined the ranks of this self-sacrificing army and he must march to the music, however doleful it may sound. The air will be laden with the sighs of the afflicted, the moans of the distressed, and the cry of the widow and orphan. The moon and the stars will be his companions by night and the soft winds will sing a lullaby to him as he goes on his lonely way. But still she muses: "I wonder how much Jack will

get for this visit." Trust a woman to see, even through tears, the financial profit in a trade. Bless her, if she did not we doctors would go into early bankruptcy. If she is to be a partner indeed, put her in trust of the purse-strings. Don't bother, little woman, about how much Jack will get for this visit; look on his books *ten* years from now, debit side, and see if it does not still stand *unpaid*. Anyway, Jack, remember that "there's a light in the window for you" to-night, and when you reach home, dry clothing to put on and hot bottles for your feet will be ready for you. True, that in after years you will not need them, but use them to-night, Jack, just to please the little wife. During all this time you are wending your way through woods and dales to Mrs. Goeasy's on the creek; the gentleman is giving you much information, but that which pleases you most is "that he has decided to employ you in the future as his family doctor," that he has a family consisting of a wife and thirteen children. You are elated over this for several weeks, until one day while you are standing on the street having a friendly talk with the other doctor who is located in the town this individual passes, when the doctor remarks, "There goes the biggest dead-beat in the country; he could pay if he would try, but he never tries."

You say nothing, but walk away to—think, and so you have kept on thinking for these many years, why it is that some people are so ungrateful, why others do not pay their honest debts when they could if they only tried ; why the world is so given to lying, when it is just as easy to tell the truth. But with all this *thinking* you will never be able to solve the question. This digression carried us away from your visit to the sick (?) child. Arriving at the end of the journey, you find that the house is dark and not a voice is heard. You wonder if the little sufferer has passed away, and if the poor, distressed mother is weeping all alone in the dark. The messenger walks into the hall (there are no locks on the doors, nor need to be, for these country people are honest) and you stalk in after him; you hear a sound that resembles distant thunder; you are impressed with its regularity, rise and fall—distinct, then indistinct—but with vibrations equal in movement to the swinging of the pendulum of a clock.

A knock on the chamber door by the “messenger” and you hear, first, a distinct “snort,” very much like that given out by a valiant steed as he ceases his prances in a ten-acre lot; then a voice—a female voice, too—says “come in.” You then realize that the “tones of thunder” came

from her throat while in deep slumber. (It is no reflection upon the feminine character to say that *it* sometimes *snores*; yet it is a strange fact that when accused of it *it* always denies the accusation. Why, deponeth sayeth not.) “Is this the doctor? Well, ‘Doc.,’ I am very much ‘obleeged’ to you for coming, but my baby, ‘Sal,’ is all right; she was a-sleepin’ so sound that I thought perhaps she might be a-dying, so you see I asked Mr. Goquick here to go after the doctor. Sal, she waked up jest after he started, but he was too fur on the road to call him back. Have a cheer?” Instead of being angered at this recitation, you are rather gratified, for you had been puzzling your brain during the entire ride as to what you would do should this or that be the case.

Now you are released from all responsibility, and after thanking the lady for her patronage you wend your way home; on one thing, however, you are determined, that is, that you will not tell the wife the child was not sick. But you did not anticipate such a difficult time as you encountered and the number of subterfuges that you had to resort to in order to keep her from knowing the truth. To this day you look back in amazement and congratulate yourself on your success in the matter. Just to think of the questions, and how

you squirmed in your effort not to tell a *real* lie. "What was the matter with the child? Was it very sick? Did it suffer much pain? How old was it? Was it a boy or girl? What was the color of its hair? Do you think it will get well? Was the mother (poor mother!) much scared? How long did it take you to relieve it? When are you going back to see it? Was it a pretty child? Did it look like the father or mother? What was its name? How much will you get for the visit?" Poor little wife, you have long since learned that it is of no use to ask these questions, and now you rest content to know that "Jack" is having as much practice as he can do. Time goes on, and you find yourself gradually "working into" practice. You have found that it is necessary for the practitioner in the country to be a "general specialist," therefore you have provided yourself, among other things, with a pair of tooth forceps; true that you have never yet extracted a tooth, but there must be a beginning. Well it is that you have them "in stock," as the next few days will show. On a dark night, after the doctor has gone to bed, he is aroused by that now familiar "hello" at the gate. Wife hoists the window, and informs him that it is Mr. Planter, a wealthy farmer, who lives near the town, and that

he wants a tooth "pulled." The doctor hastens down, and accompanied by the patient they go to the office; the coal-oil lamp is lighted, which by this time has become "dingy" from dust and smoke; but little oil is in it, but by shaking it up you trust to its "holding out" until you can extract the tooth, as you say, mentally, it will take but a minute. Foolish man, you but emphasize your ignorance in tooth-pulling to entertain such a thought.

Placing the lamp on a table directly in front of the "victim," you ask him to take a seat in a high-backed chair; you discover, however, in standing behind him, that you are too short in stature to reach over his head. To remedy this you place a good-sized goods box on the floor to stand on, one that was used by the druggist in his last shipment of drugs to you; this, too, fails to bring you up to a proper height for operation, so you place a smaller box on top this one. This "fits" exactly, and you proceed to do a neat job; you find that your hand is a little "shaky," caused no doubt by the physical labor of lifting boxes so soon after getting out of bed.

You ask the gentleman to open his mouth and to place his finger upon the aching tooth. This he does, and you find it to be the last "molar" on the

upper jaw; you at once slip the forceps over it and clinch with all your might and main. You know from its firm attachments that you have a "job" on your hands. You tell him to catch hold the rounds of the chair, when you begin to "tug and pull, sweat and fume." Great beads of perspiration stand out on your forehead, you hold your breath and pull with the power of Hercules, but not a "jot or tittle" does the tooth move. Holding the forceps with one hand while you spit on the other, you again begin the attack. You press back his head and place your knee on his neck; you wriggle and pull and pull and wriggle in this last attempt. You sweat some more and inwardly *cuss*, but with this powerful effort out comes the tooth; the boxes "wabble" and you fall over on the floor; the concussion of the fall causes the lamp to go out, and you are left in total darkness with the "victim" and—the tooth. Relighting the lamp, you examine the extracted molar while the farmer rinses his mouth with water—when, "lo and behold," you have pulled—the *wrong tooth*. Quickly slipping it into your vest pocket, the patient asks the amount of the fee, you tell him *fifty cents*, which he pays and takes his departure. You go home, quoting to yourself that old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly

to be wise," and apply it to the good farmer who had his tooth drawn.

The next Sunday, as the contribution-box is passed around, you drop into it a *fifty-cent* piece, and the deacon's eyes expand on witnessing such liberality on the part of the "new doctor." He will never know from what source it came, or why it was dropped into the contribution-box.

In your ministrations you will occasionally run across what is known and recognized as *an old maid*. Is it not queer that such a one is so often criticised, and that, too, for virtues and qualities that are commendable? She is said to be so "neat," so "precise," so "prim"; why, bless your soul—you critic—would you have her to be "dirty," not "precise"—"slouchy," not "prim"? Why, then you would talk about her all the more. You say she takes up all of her time in attending societies: "Ladies' Aid Society," "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The Society to Rescue Fallen Women," "Children's Aid Society," etc. Did not Christ say, "take care of all these," and is she not doing it? Oh, shame, you mothers, who instill into the minds of your daughters that they must not be like one of these. You have yourselves to blame for the ill-matched marriages of your offspring and the degradation

that follows all such. You, who compel your daughter to be a *debutante* at seventeen, when she should yet be at school or learning a trade at which she could make a living; you fill her mind full of "trash" and call it smartness, and make her fume her young life away in order to meet the demands of your so-called *society*. In three years' time her little race is run, and she is, mayhap, married to some pretense of a man, or is retired at this early age from the stage of action in order that others may take her place. No, doctor; do not look upon the "old maid" with disdain, nor treat her with incivility, for she will be to you a handmaiden in your work in the slums and alleys, hunting out and administering to God's poor.

The serious and responsible side of your profession will come on you some day in a way that had never occurred to you before. We will instance it as follows: Among the many acquaintances and friends that you have made since locating in this pleasant country town is one special family to which both you and your wife have become greatly attached; you have both concluded that members of this family seem more congenial in every way than others, and you are delighted to count them your associates and friends. We will say that the family

consists of father, mother, one son, aged twenty-two, and one daughter, eighteen years of age; the daughter is specially attractive, bright, exceedingly pretty and vivacious. She is by all odds the belle of the neighborhood; her father has been able to give her many special advantages, being a man counted "well off" for this community. The girl spent the past year at a boarding-school somewhere up in the Virginia mountains. She has a great deal of company, for both the girls and boys for miles around are proud to call her friend; the young men vie with each other in paying her court. You attended her upon one occasion—they being now your patrons—through a spell of illness, and was impressed by her modesty and good, common sense. She belongs to your wife's "Sunday-school" class, and you have often heard her speak of the womanly and Christian qualities of this girl. One day you meet the mother on the street and she tells you that "daughter" is not well; that she has noticed for some time that her *spirits* are not the same, but as no advice is asked you give none.

Shortly afterward the mother drops in at your office to talk to you about her daughter's condition, and asks for a prescription; you see but little in the case after hearing its history, and suggest that the

young lady take more exercise in the fresh air, and prescribe a simple tonic to "tone" her up and bring back her appetite. Time goes on and the young lady does not improve, and you are asked to go out and see her, "not that she is much sick, but 'mother' would be better satisfied." In the next few days you are busy and do not pay the promised visit, but on the fourth day you go out to see this charming girl. You are surprised at her pale face, anxious expression, and nervous manner; so foreign are these to this usually bright and ruddy-complexioned girl that you are forced to the opinion that she must be really sick. After questioning her you come to the conclusion that an *examination* is necessary. Let me stop here long enough to say to the young men in the profession who may read this book: Do not, I beg of you, get in the habit of making *examinations* of young girls whom you may suspect of having some uterine disease. Such a procedure is seldom required and generally is unwarrantable, if not outrageous, on the part of the doctor who does it. Respect the sex to which your mother and sister belong, and do no unnecessary thing that will bring a blush of shame to the cheek of young maidenhood.

You are convinced that an examination is necessary, and after explanations and some entreaties

on the part of the good mother, the young patient gives her reluctant consent.

The examination is completed; you put on your hat and walk out into the woods in order to *think* and *commune* with yourself. The grass is green under your feet and the vault of heaven over your head is as clear and blue as the noonday's sun can make it; the birds in the trees chirp merrily to each other, and all nature seems full of cheer and is so beautiful. More akin to your thoughts would it be if the clouds lowered, the thunders pealed, the lightnings flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents, for is there not just within the door of this happy home a storm approaching that would put such a one of the elements to shame? Is there not a young spirit calling out from the depths of despair, "Save me, save me!" How can the heavens be bright this day and all nature aglee if God be merciful? Think well, doctor, think long and well; you are now facing the one condition that involves more than all others with which you will have to deal: A mother's broken heart, a father's affection and pride, a brother's young manhood and future prospects, a beautiful and good (yes, verily, *good*) girl's life and character—the life of one unborn—all, all these depend now upon your action.

Was ever man put to a more severe test? Was ever a moment that required such quick and accurate thought? Was ever greater responsibility thrown upon man? Go to, you moralists, and begone you chattering women who would consign this innocent (yes, innocent) girl to eternal oblivion and earthly disgrace because of this one act, engendered and born of love and trust. Get you to your dens, you who point the finger of scorn at her and are not worthy to wipe her feet because of your own sins and transgressions. Pluck the cinder out of your own eye, oh! you carping hypocrite and tattling mountebank before you dare call this girl—unchaste. You who assemble yourselves together and style the rank thing *society*, look to it that your own daughters are free from taint before you begin the act of kicking this poor girl out and pile anathemas upon her head; you who court, and on bended knee beseech attention for your children from men who are moral lepers and reeking with sores of putrefaction and filth. For the sake of Mammon you are willing that these leprous vipers take your young, unsuspecting daughters into their very arms, and by their breath or a touch of their polluting lips doom them to an early grave. “Oh pity ’tis, ’tis true.” Knowing this as you do, may

the putrid bodies and decaying bones of your daughters haunt you and make you afraid.

I leave the case for your proper management, doctor, and my pity goes out to you as one brother for another. Remember only that by no authority are you empowered to sacrifice a human life, for life you have not given and life you must not take away.

You, no doubt, have been congratulating yourself for some time that no case yet in your practice has called for *consultation*. In this connection I desire to offer a few words of advice. A consultation with an honest, intelligent physician should never be looked upon other than as a pleasant and profitable thing. I never could quite understand why some doctors object so to meeting their professional friends in the consulting-room. It may be that they fear an *exposure*, either of their diagnosis or treatment. It may be that they fear that the impression might go out that they were not competent to meet the emergency or manage the case. It may be that such a one is possessed of a large cranium and little in it, yet believes that he "knows it all," or it may be that he has "soured" on the world and looks with suspicion upon all mankind, including his medical brethren, with whom he ought to be in close touch and sympathy.

If any of these possess your soul, doctor, you are wrong for many reasons:

First. It is a duty that you owe your patient. When life or health is at stake there should be no quibbling, but the Golden Rule should be followed strictly. The patient when he employs you does so with the understanding that you will do everything in your power for his relief. Just as a man expects his executor to fulfill his every duty after he is dead, so this patient, realizing that he may pass into an unconscious condition and be mentally dead, trusts you to do your whole duty to him. If at any time during his illness you recognize that danger threatens or that you are unable to cope with the disease you should at once ask for consultation.

Second. If at any time during the progress of the case the family become alarmed, even unnecessarily, another doctor should be called in the case.

Third. If you are seriously concerned about the condition of the patient and find that you have not the amount of time to give the case the attention it requires, another should be called, in order that proper attention can be afforded.

Fourth. If you know that it is a case wherein you are inexperienced, one should be called who has had the necessary experience.

Fifth. If it is such a condition as does not belong to the province of the general practitioner, and you have not been specially instructed in cases of the kind, a *specialist* should be called. You have not performed your full duty to the patient if you have neglected any one of these. In his condition of sickness, delirium, etc., the patient is unable to suggest; it is therefore plainly your duty to think and act for him. It should be an act of pleasure to do so, and not regarded in any other light. Think of a case of serious import when you have spent whole days and nights in racking your brain and tiring your body in your effort to save life; how pleasing, indeed, would it be to have another to consult with, if for nothing else, to share this great responsibility. Then, too, often the simplest suggestion will be of incalculable good.

I remember that upon a certain occasion, one that was close to me by the ties of blood was dangerously ill with what seemed to be an acute ulcer of the stomach. He had employed one of the best and most cultured physicians in the State, who had been constant in his attentions and who had exhausted every remedy within his knowledge. Another—elder physician—was called in consultation, and suggested the use of one drop of carbolic acid in dilution; that *one* drop saved the patient's life.

Think of being in a case when death is imminent from hemorrhage, and you are not able to control it, would it not gladden your heart to see, coming over the hill, a brother practitioner in whom you had faith? You may urge the objection that you are not on "friendly terms" with the doctor across the way, and therefore can not consult with him. Then permit me to suggest that you go over and make friends with him. This thing of doctors in every little town being at enmity with each other is a disgrace to the profession and should be stopped. It has become proverbial that if a village has within its borders three physicians, two of them do not speak to each other. This is a shameful condition of affairs, and brings the profession into constant ridicule. Nine times out of ten it will be found that this enmity has been excited by common gossip, and that there is not a syllable of truth in the statement which has separated two friends and made them enemies. Go to him, and you will find, upon investigation, that he has just as much reason to be offended at you as you have to be offended at him. Truth is, that both of you have acted the part of fools and deserve a severe reprimand; shake hands, make up, and treat each other as gentlemen in the future. Listen no more to idle tales, gossiping tongues, and consummate

liars. If he is no gentleman, will not make up, and persists in his offensive course, either thrash him or forever let him go his way. The chief and whole object in a consultation is to benefit the *patient*.

As I am speaking alone to doctors, let me be frank and say, that although a life may hang in the balance many consultations are absolute frauds and farces. You call a brother doctor to see a case with you, and in some instances at least, he, for fear of offending you, will agree to your course of treatment when at heart he believes that you are pursuing the wrong course. This is politeness personified and carried to an extreme that should receive positive censure. Remember, whenever you are the consultant, that the patient sends for you believing that his life or health is in danger and he cries out to you for help. Be honest, but not offensive; say and act the truth, for this is your bounden duty.

No true man in our profession is going to feel himself hurt by a consultant acting up to his principles and belief. The part of a consultant is often a difficult one to fill; you must treat the attending physician with great civility, and be just to him as well as to the patient. What despicable characters these are, calling themselves doctors, puffed up

with their own greatness, who go into a case, called by the attending physician, and with a supercilious smile, or a knowing wink, or a nod of the head tries to impress others with his greatness (alleged) and to underrate his brother doctor. They are better suited to call off prizes at a baby show, or to hawk patent medicines on the street corner than to practice medicine. Thank goodness, there are but few of this kind in the medical profession, and they are generally known and receive their just reward. This particular class may really have talent, and if stripped of their pompousness and self-conceit would be acceptable practitioners of medicine. There is another "character" that you will sometimes meet in consultation because you will be *forced* to do so. I allude to the illiterate old fellow who is known as an herb or "yarb" doctor. He does not claim any book "larning," or to be much in anatomy, physiology, or any of the allied branches. In fact, he would be puzzled to answer, if you were to ask him, whether the liver is in the abdominal cavity or in the chest. He simply claims to know that certain "yarbs" act in a certain way upon the human, and it may be he is right. He is, be it said to his credit, inoffensive; at least his "yarbs" are, and he is much to be preferred to the man with a knife always ready to cut into cavities, with the contents of

which he is unfamiliar, or the "regular" that will administer a medicine the dose of which is unknown to him, and which may have a fatal effect. This old, rugged, illiterate, but honest doctor (?) is well described by Dr. Willis P. King in his "Humors of the Medical Profession," viz.: "I always dreaded the hour that would bring me in consultation with the old doctor, but it came at last. I was attending a very sick lady patient, when it was suggested that they have in consultation old Dr. Sawbones. He had been practicing in this county for—well, always. Of course I consented, but with fear and trembling. I expected to hear a long discourse on the pathological aspect of the case, and many other things which would confound me. He came, with breeches in boots and spectacles on nose. He listened attentively while I recited the history of the case, and when I finished he said with great dignity: 'Did you ever try a black cat-skin poultice in such a case?' In my ignorance, I confessed that I never had. I saw a good opportunity to escape from the case, so I told the family that inasmuch as the old doctor had known them so long, that it would be best for him to take charge of the patient. They consented, and, I could see, with a great deal of pleasure. That was an awful night on cats, especially on

black cats. Of course the patient died, but he told them that if he had been called a 'leetle' sooner, and had succeeded in getting a 'leetle blacker cat' he could have saved her life — and they believed him."

It is a most singular fact that men who have great business capacity, who possess more than an ordinary amount of brains, are of good perception, and acute in their knowledge of men; who, if they desired to purchase a town lot, would employ a lawyer whom they knew possessed ability, in order that they might be sure the "deed" was right, will, if the family is sick near unto death, employ the worst of quacks or the loudest-mouthed charlatan. This is a mystery past finding out. Then, too, it is clear to every observant person that the laity often fail in judgment whenever the selection of a doctor is necessary. It would seem that the same rule that would obtain in judging the ability of a lawyer, minister, or harness-maker would apply to the doctor, yet every day we see evidence of the fact that the reverse of this is true. In other learned professions proficiency and learning are made absolutely necessary qualities by the laity for recognition, but we see men in the medical profession who can not lay claim to either doing enormous practices. I am sorry to chronicle the fact that true merit does not always insure success in the practice of medicine.

CHAPTER VI

SPECIALTIES IN MEDICINE

During the past decade the innovation of specialism has grown to enormous proportions. In the past few years there has been a slight reaction in that it has been argued that some specialties naturally belong to a larger field, or that the general practitioner should embrace them all, or part, by becoming proficient in the different lines. We must all admit that the one great "specialty" is the general practice of medicine, and the nearest approach to perfection is to be found in the person of the honest, capable, and well-prepared "country doctor." From the drawing of a tooth to the cutting off a leg; from prescribing for a simple "belly-ache" to treating a long-continued case of typhoid fever; from extracting an ingrown toenail to saving life in a case of postpartum hemorrhage, is his daily routine. He combines all specialties in his work. His responsibility is tenfold, or in proportion to the number of specialties, and his knowledge should be in the same positive ratio. When it comes to a division of labor, we have first, surgeon and physician—the practice of surgery and the practice of medicine. This comes as a

natural sequence, for it must be admitted that there are most excellent physicians who lay no claim to the knowledge of surgery, or its practice may be distasteful to them. It can not be denied, either, but that it requires some special tact, some indefinable delicacy of touch, some special capacity to use the knife outside of one's ability to acquire knowledge. Even among surgeons there are some that are more *expert* than others, and to whom the palm is given. A man might be a splendid *teacher* of surgery and yet a poor surgeon, and this applies as well to medicine. So there are great and accomplished surgeons who could not impart their knowledge, nor could they succeed in the general practice of *medicine*.

It is well that we have special talents that fit one for separate callings, for the field is too large to be covered by one mind and the demands too exacting to create such desire. These reasons are quite sufficient to call for the distribution of labor between the physician and surgeon, but there are others equally as forcible, to wit, a physician in his busy field runs amuck of conditions and diseases that would imperil lives were he to meet many emergency cases of surgery, and vice versa; the surgeon would run the risk of many a life should he go from the operating-table to the bedside of the

sick. You might say, Could they not disinfect or render themselves aseptic? Yes, possibly so, but have they the time or inclination? But the lines are well drawn, and will remain so, and it is useless to argue. But you will possibly ask, Are there just as palpable reasons for the existence of the other specialties? I am inclined to answer you in the affirmative, at least in regard to most of them.

Now, it must be distinctly understood that when I speak of *specialists* I do not allude to the mushroom, the inexperienced, the *pseudo-specialist*, who has grown up in a day, or the man who "blooms" out, as it were, from school or from the general practice of medicine. He has no claims above his fellow-practitioners, and it is an insult to them for him to be so proclaimed. But it is to the man who was a successful and competent practitioner of general medicine, who, after work in this field for a number of years (it should not be less than five) discovers that he has *special talent*, and devotes the proper time in hospitals with men who are competent, in the laboratories, at the bedside with the knife in hand, and sufficient study to fit the case. This man, who is willing to make a sacrifice of his general practice and become a beginner again, he is the deserving specialist, and none other; and it is to him I allude in my reference to *specialists*. In

this connection I desire to say that the *post-graduate* schools of the country are more or less responsible for the *pseudo-specialist*. Inducements are held out, and when men respond from all over the country who desire to become *specialists*, they are permitted to see a few operations and hear a few lectures, and at the end of a six weeks' or three months' term are allowed to return home imbued with the idea that they have sufficient learning and experience (?) to become such. This is a mistake on the part of these colleges. No certificates of attendance should be given to any one who has not convinced the faculty that he is *proficient* in certain branches, and the term should be extended to a sufficient length of time to impart such knowledge.

To continue the discussion: Is it necessary for the welfare of the people to have other specialties outside the division of the field of medicine and surgery? Other specialties are but the hand-maidens of the mother specialty—general medicine—and should not be looked upon with either envy or distrust. If there was no need for them they would and could not live. It is the same with them, as a class, as with the great rule that controls the universe—"the survival of the fittest,"—nor does the existence of these specialties in any

way interfere with the general practitioner, if viewed in their proper light. It is the so-called *specialist*, not the *specialty*, that does. There are men claiming to do special work who attempt the doing of any kind of work, under the shield and protection of the name they assume. This is an injustice to other men; is a false claim, and any one guilty of such conduct should be ferreted out and tabooed. Any man has the right to do any manner of practice that he desires, but let him be honest and say so. Let us consider the different specialties in detail, and let us see if what I have said is true. Is the average practitioner of medicine able, or does he care, to do a hysterectomy, extract a cataract, treat the intricate channels of the ear, lay open the many sinuses consequent on the existence of a stricture of the urethra and eradicate the stricture by the proper operation; deal with the many phases of obscure brain or nerve trouble, fight the obstinate affections of the stomach caused by a true pathology, or resect a rectum? Put them all together, and do you not assent that if there were not men who paid *special* attention to these troubles they would either go untreated or unrelieved? Altogether, there would be but few cases observed in a year by the general practitioner; so financially he is not injured, and if he desired to

treat them he has not prepared himself to do so or equipped himself for the work.

The specialist, by his known reputation, has one patient from this source, another from that, with the whole Union to draw from, and by putting them together he has a sufficient number to constitute a practice, without in the least injuring any general practitioner. Then it must be agreed that having spent *sufficient* time and money to become proficient, the number of cases that he sees gives him the advantage of *experience* over the man who only by chance sees one *occasionally*. It might be asked if it is not in the power of the general practitioner to master the work of the specialist? I would answer yes, certainly, he is the very best, the only material of which specialists should be made, after he has followed the proper lines. But you may mean to ask, "Can he not master *all* the specialties?" Well, yes, if he could live long enough; but life being short, and being made up of "seven ages," he would arrive at that one of "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," before he had done so, which would leave him no time to execute that which he had planned.

It may be that you contemplate taking up a specialty. If so, it would be my great pleasure to aid you, if I can, by a few friendly suggestions. Hav-

ing been in the medical profession for thirty-five years, and a specialist for twenty-five, it might not be amiss for me to venture to do so. In the first place, in the language of our good Presbyterian brethren, "Do you feel that you are *called* to preach, teach, and practice a specialty?" Do not be actuated, no more than the young man *called* to preach the gospel, by a desire to make money, but by a feeling that you could do much good in a certain line; the money may come to you in good season. Having practiced general medicine for at least *five* years, you are ready to begin the study of some special class of diseases. The man who has not studied the manifestation of disease in its many general phases in the field as a general practitioner is not fit material to make a specialist out of. This is, or should be, the foundation upon which specialism is builded, and without it you would be constantly making all manner of mistakes. I take it for granted that you have selected the one branch which you prefer. There are several courses left for you to pursue. I would suggest the following: Ascertain the name of a man learned and active in that line, and try to get the opportunity of a year's observation in his office. If you succeed in this you will have the chance for much reading, regular training, the seeing of actual work, and possibly the

chance to operate upon patients yourself. After this year is spent in close application, go to some city that offers special advantages in that line, either in the way of college training or in a private class; there are plenty of them, and you need make no mistake. Try and become associated with some hospital or clinic where you can see and do much clinical work. After this year has passed you might run over to Paris, London, Berlin, or Vienna, one or all, and see if the methods there are different. Six months will be sufficient for this. Upon your return select some city of not less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants, hang out a modest sign, simply with your name on it — no “limited to —” and begin practice, and I hope for you abundant success.

MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

What I shall say throughout this book will apply to the practice of medicine, whether it be by the physician, surgeon, or specialist. In locating, you should inquire very soon if a medical society exists in the town or county. If so, you should not waste time, but apply for admission, and being received, become an active member. This will accomplish several things:

First. It will afford you an opportunity of getting acquainted with the "other" doctors. A man that lives to and for himself alone has no business in the medical profession. Get acquainted, not only with the people, but with the doctors. You are engaged in the same laudable, merciful calling. Talk of the ties that bind together the secret societies of the world—that which should and does exist between members of the medical profession outshines them all.

True, there are sometimes dissensions in our ranks, but they are trivial and come only at long intervals. The main, true object is never lost, and we are brethren indeed. Let your child or mine be stricken down on some far-distant shore, and the information flashed over the wire that he is the son of a doctor, how promptly and willingly is he attended by another doctor without remuneration save that of the pleasure it gave of having served a fellow doctor. Let your child, or you yourself, be stricken at midnight with some fearful malady, and though the night is dark and the storm rages without your brother physician will come to you though drenched with rain or pelted with hailstones. Then say to me that doctors are selfish or devoid of sympathy! It may be that the society will some night give a "banquet." We sometimes form

opinions of men from false premises. When you meet around the "board" and "knock knees" with your *confrères* you are better able to judge of their qualities, and it is sure to make you like them better. If you remain at home, fearing to look people in the face, you will become selfish, then melancholy, and then a misanthrope, hating the world and everybody in it.

Come, come; this is the way to sing it :

Bells or no bells ringin'
 Joy or gloom in sight,
 Might as well be singin'
 That "The
 World's
 All
 Right."

Never did complainin'
 Put a grief to flight:
 Sunny day, or rainin'
 Sing "The
 World's
 All
 Right."

That's the sort o' singin'
 Takes from bloom the blight;
 Bells or no bells ringin'
 Think "The
 World's
 All
 Right."

Second. It will afford you an opportunity to tell them what you know. Belonging to this, your

medical society, will present you with the chance to read a paper on some medical subject. Be sure that you have given it careful thought, for you are now to appear before your critics. No doubt but that they have discussed you freely before this time, but now they are to sit in judgment upon you; your general appearance, your manners, and possibly your ability have been talked over; but much of this came by hearsay, and now they have the opportunity to judge for themselves. You are the young doctor just moved to town, so you must be prepared to run the gauntlet of public and private criticism. Let me suggest to you that this first "paper" should be short and to the point, and let it be on a commonplace subject, as, for instance, "How to diagnosticate and treat 'chicken-pox.'" Put this out as a feeler; you will disappoint them because they are expecting that you are to bore them with a long dissertation on some pure theoretical subject. The essay will then be discussed, and you will be afforded the opportunity to close.

Third. It gives the chance of listening to "how much they know." Not only does it do this, but likely during this meeting you will pick out the man whom you would trust most in consultation, or have attend you or your family if taken sick. Perhaps you have noticed in the assemblage an old, gray-

haired doctor who hails from the lower end of the county, and who does not have his habitation in town. Likely he has been practicing more years than you are old. It may be that he is dressed in "homespun" and wears his pants in his boots; his hands are rough and his face wrinkled even beyond his years. You have observed him, for he has a strong personality. You wonder if he really "knows anything," and if he is not one of these old country doctors that are out of date and not up to recent ideas in medicine. If such have been your thoughts you will be woefully deceived when he gets up to discuss your paper. It may be true that he does not use very correct or elegant English, but he tells you more in ten minutes about "chicken-pox" than you have learned in the four years at the medical college. You are impressed with his "good common sense," and you are persuaded that observation and experience are worth a great deal in the practice of medicine. You have the last "say," as the discussion is over, and you are asked to "close it."

A word about your manner and language "on the floor": Let it be without ostentation, positive, though never dogmatic, your voice loud enough to be heard; not quick to answer questions, but listen with attentiveness, and let every gesture, move-

ment, and word bespeak the gentleman. Let the impression go out from this meeting that you are great in simplicity, earnest in purpose, and have fidelity to principles of right. From the county society go to your State society, and let yourself be heard, modestly but surely. From the State society attach your membership to the national body, for this is your duty.

MEDICAL JOURNALS.

You will find much time during the first year to read, for it is not likely that you will be burdened with practice, and fortunate for you if you are not. The young man that goes into a large practice just after quitting school is to be pitied, for he is sure to soon run into a groove or rut from which he will never extricate himself. Far better that he should fail to make expenses than to do this, for read and study he must, and if busy—too busy—he will not. You must provide and surround yourself with some sound medical literature; subscribe for some medical journals, say one that is published weekly, one monthly, and a quarterly devoted to some special subjects. Around your fireside at night read these in lieu of trashy novels or yellow, secular journals. Read and study your medical books, for the training that you received at the medical

college just fits you for actual study at the bedside.

You have worked hard for several years in acquiring knowledge; take an opportunity to impart it to others. You may have seen what you took to be a unique case during your first month in practice; write it down and send it to the editor of some first-class medical journal; he will be glad to receive and publish it. Sydenham said: "I have always thought (and not without reason) that to have published for the benefit of afflicted mortals any certain method of subduing even the slightest disease, was a matter of greater felicity than the riches of a Tantalus or a Cræsus. I have called it a matter of greater felicity; I now call it a matter of greater goodness and of greater wisdom." Let me warn you, however, against writing *too* much. Many men have this fault, which, instead of advancing their reputations, tends to lessen them in the estimation of doctors. Beware, too, of believing all things that are said through these channels. To write is one thing, to tell the truth is another, and the man who writes so very often and narrates so many things is apt to "let slip" a few that are not entirely correct. Perhaps it is an accident, but it is well to "keep an eye" on all such. I have known a few men in my time whose epitaph should be, "He

wrote himself to death." As time goes on and you grow rich—in experience—write again and again. This subserves several purposes: It will keep your mind trained to thought, and it will give you some reputation in the profession. No man should "hide his light under a bushel," but if you have a good thing let it be known. At the end of the year have the copies of these journals bound, and they will make a nice contribution to your library.

A LIBRARY.

You will need, above all things, a library; without one you would be as the machinist without tools. It is painful to go into a doctor's house or office and see that his "library" consists of half a dozen antiquated volumes; and it is safe to say *they* are never read. Nor should it be sufficient for you to own a medical library only. I heard a doctor say once that he only knew medicine, nothing more. What folly! The doctor should be the best-posted man in the county. He should never lose sight of the fact that he is a citizen, and being such, he owes it to his town, county, and State to be posted on current affairs. You should know something about law, religion, and politics. The man who boasts that he does not know anything about the merits or demerits of any political party or candidate is

not a good citizen and deserves to be censured rather than applauded. An American should be proud enough of his country to know in what manner its achievements outshine other nations, and it is no compliment to say of him that he doesn't care. If the world ever seems lackadaisical, read works of fiction; commune with Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, or Hume; or with Shakespeare, Byron, or Bacon. There will come times that you should commune with lighter spirits, such as Eugene Field or James Whitcomb Riley, for they will sing to you of the old home or the prattling of children. It will do you good sometimes to read light fiction—laugh with those who laugh—for your daily occupation is to “weep with those that weep.” Acquire first one volume, then another—just as your means will permit—and before you know it you will have a very presentable library. Intersperse history with fiction, law with medicine, poetry with geography, fun with tales of woe, and hilarity with melancholy; for at last is this not the way of real life and the song of the world since its foundation? Tears and laughter, joy and sadness, glad fruition, then death. Read, think, digest, for the hours are few and the days short in which to work. Resolve that while life lasts you will be no laggard, but an earnest worker.

CHAPTER VII

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF IT

Be it said to their credit, or discredit, it never seems to occur to doctors that there is a business side to their profession. The mention of the fact that there is may make some people hold up their hands in horror. Good enough, for it is principally to this very class that I will address my remarks.

I knew a member of the medical profession (a most honorable and competent physician he was) that practiced for over *sixty* years in one locality in an interior town of Kentucky. Think of the service that this man rendered to these people during that long period of time! He officiated at the ushering into the world of hundreds, if not thousands, of them; he saw them grow to man's estate and soothed the pangs as many of them passed through the throes of death. Many lived to see *him* pass out into the "darkness." Think of the tales of woe that he could recite, the heart throbs that were strokes of grief, sorrow, and tribulation. Think of the hardships encountered in those early days of practice, devoid of any of the comforts that come to the "modern" doctor; think of the countless number that were unable to render him recom-

pense save by words of gratitude or tears of love and affection; think of the multitude of others who gained his confidence, besought his services, and received his best attention, and who refused or forgot to reward him, even with a word of thanks; for this old man died, after threescore and ten, too poor to leave his family a comfortable living and with scarce enough to provide a decent burial. And, too, it was told me that although accounts amounting to many thousands of dollars were on his books uncollected, now that he is dead they are not worth the paper on which they are written. And yet you say that there should be no business side to the practice of medicine?

I knew another most worthy member of the medical profession, living in one of the large cities, who while living provided for his family in a most luxurious, if not extravagant, way. After his death it was found that not a penny was left, and from that day they have been in poverty and forced to make a living for themselves—wife and daughter—by menial work. And you say that we should not speak of a business side to the medical profession?

It has become proverbial that doctors do not know a thing about "business." I have heard more than one doctor seemingly boast that he possessed no such knowledge, and it is an every-day

occurrence to hear them say that they are "poor collectors." It is a shame that these things are true, and the day will come to each and all of them when they will repent both the saying and the condition. You have the right as an individual to pursue this course if you please, but you have no right to bring poverty and privation upon your family, which is sure to come to them at your death.

Again: The physician who willingly allows his *clientele* to dictate terms to him, or is willing to make reductions to suit and please his patients, is doing his profession an irreparable injury, and he should be ashamed to do so. It is undignified and brings the profession into disrepute, besides being unjust. If your services are not worth what you have charged for them, say so and take less, but do not underrate your services by reductions which are ridiculous from a business standpoint. What would you think of a grocer or tradesman of any sort who, when you went to settle his account, would reduce it one third? The natural presumption would be that his goods were not worth the price he had asked for them. So it is, and the same should be thought of the doctor who is willing to take *two thirds* for the whole amount charged—that his services were not worth the amount charged for them.

I heard once of a lady going to her doctor, who had attended her through a long attack of fever, to ask for and settle her bill for his services. The following conversation took place:

Lady: "Doctor, I have called to settle my bill; what is the amount?"

Doctor (looking over his books): "I paid you seventy visits at two dollars per visit; this would make the amount one hundred and forty dollars."

Lady: "But, doctor"——

Doctor: "Well, you being an old patient and good friend, I will put the amount at one hundred dollars."

Lady: "But, doctor, you must remember"——

Doctor: "Oh, well, call it seventy-five dollars and square."

Lady: "I must insist, doctor, on saying that the first charge of one hundred and forty dollars was much too small."

Doctor: "Oh!"——

But the most despicable character is the man who starts in to *undercharge* his competitors in order to advance his number of patients. If you are going to be a "cheap" doctor all right, but to use your brother practitioner's rate to enhance yourself by "cutting under" you descend to the level of the mountebank. A physician was once

asked why it was that he charged *three* dollars a visit and Dr. Blank only charged *two*. In answer, the doctor said: "I *know* what *my* services are worth, and I suppose that Dr. Blank *knows* what *his* are worth." There are many methods employed by designing ones in order to get the services of a doctor free. For instance, resort is had to the "curbstone conference" in lieu of going to the office or residence. After questioning, and a recital of symptoms, a prescription is given, but if the doctor dare charge for it he is accounted unjust and extortionate. I never could see any difference between prescribing for one on the street or in the office, and your habitual practice should be to *charge* for such prescriptions. I saw a ruse once practiced on a doctor for the purpose of avoiding of the payment of fifty cents, to which the doctor fell an easy victim. A man of means, but very penurious, walked into his office (in the country) and requested that the doctor extract a tooth for him. The patient asked if it would hurt much. The doctor replied that if it did not *hurt* that he would not charge a cent. After much pulling on the part of the doctor and squirming on the part of the patient the tooth came out. "Did it hurt?" asked the doctor. "No, not a bit," responded the patient, as he walked away without

paying anything. The doctor only wished for a second opportunity. Beware of the telephone, that great invention of modern times. At noon-time when you are at dinner, at midnight when you are fast asleep, it will ring, ring, ring. You go to it, or have your wife go, when something like this will be said: "Doctor, little Julia is doubled up with the cramps. What must I do for her?" You wish that little Julia would go to the eternal pow-wows, but in your blindest way tell her the necessary thing to do—and forget to charge for it. I knew a doctor once that had an office fronting directly on a prominent street. A certain gentleman made it convenient to stop at the window on his way to business and get advice and an occasional prescription. After the elapse of a year the doctor sent him a bill amounting to a good round sum. He testified in court that this doctor had never been in his house and had never attended him in sickness, and claimed that he did not owe him anything. The "Court" did not see it in that light, and he was compelled to pay the amount charged. Happy lesson—you should profit by it. I had the pleasure in my early professional life of being associated with a physician who was a thorough business man and a good "collector." This fact was known by the people at large, and the mere

fact that it was aided him materially, for whenever a family employed him they were cognizant of the fact that they would be expected to pay him if they were able to pay. He not only did a large and lucrative practice, but he left his family independent of the world's care after he died.

When a young man adopts the medical profession for his life's work I am sure he does it after the following reflections: First, it is an honorable and high calling. This is very true, for medicine ranks with the law and the ministry—the three great and honored professions. Without discountenancing or underestimating either of the other two, I am fully persuaded that it should rank first of the three. The law deals with property rights, medicine with the health of the individual; the law with decrees of divorce, medicine ameliorates pain of body and distress of mind, and to a degree makes us willing to “bear the ills we have”; law seeks to clear the criminal, or is made the instrument for so doing, medicine determines the rational or irrational state of the mind, and by so doing saves the innocent and is the means of having the guilty punished; law confines the unfortunate in the mad-house, medicine “ministers to a mind diseased” and relieves him. With the minister the doctor goes hand in hand. The doctor relieves the pain

that racks the body, the minister the thoughts that distress the soul. The doctor soothes the afflicted, binds up broken limbs and broken hearts, lends a hand to the distressed, and comforts those that mourn; quiets the suckling babe, and is leaned on when youth is gone and age has crippled, consoles the disconsolate mother, administers to the broken-hearted father, shares the sorrows of the poor and the afflictions of the sick. Can the minister do more than this? I knew a country doctor whose common habit it was to carry packages of food and raiment to his indigent patrons and to furnish medicine free for all their aches and pains. I was in his office upon two occasions, a year apart, and I saw him secretly give at one time one dollar, at another two dollars, to the poor patients with which to buy medicine—and the charge—well! He is dead now, and it is needless to say died poor. No monument marks his resting place, but in that country beyond the stars he must have received the plaudit, “Well done.”

Second, is it remunerative and will it afford me ample means to support myself and family? Since you had this thought in mind, I venture that if you had thought to the contrary you never would have adopted the calling. You would have been foolish not to have given this con-

sideration to a business that you were to follow for life. No minister of the blessed gospel but gives this consideration to his calling, for it is right and proper that he should do so. It is *writ* that a man's *first* duty is to his family, and surely part of this duty is to support them, and in this age and generation one can not live alone on air. There would be but one alternative left if he did not demand and receive pay for his services, and that would be that he would "sponge" and live off of his neighbors. Well, a long time ago this might have done, but in "these" days it won't work. Any way, I always had a contempt for any able-bodied man, be he minister, doctor, or what not, that would "sponge" off his neighbors. Yes, the medical profession *will* prove remunerative enough to support your family if you will *demand* pay for your services and *see* that you get it. If you do not do this you are neither man or Christian; therefore start out with the presumption that your services are worth what you ask for them, and be a good collector. In making this assessment remember that a doctor's family should move in good society "and wear good clothes." You should consider that the wife is to be "first lady" at the same time that you are playing the "rôle" of first citizen of the county. I use the term "first"

advisedly, for I would have you start in your profession with no other idea than to be *first* in everything you undertake. Down here in Kentucky "the horse that ran second" receives but little applause, but the one that comes to the "string" *first* not only gets all the applause, but "bags" the money. Very much the same is it in medicine, or in any other calling. Suppose you were making a race for Congress, which I trust you never will, and you "come in *one*" of being elected; of what account is that? The other fellow was *first*. Your family must then be able to dress well, and the "partner" deserves all the extras that you can give her. Expenses will be a little high, but you must work the harder and be able to meet them. You will find that the "little woman" will always be willing to "cut low" when it is necessary. Yes, you will find that your profession will be remunerative enough for you to live like a gentleman. If it proves not to be it is your own fault, and you should quit it at once and go to swapping horses or engineering a motor car, or something more to your taste and ability.

Third, that it will afford you an opportunity to gratify your ambition. I like a man to talk like that, for the man who has no ambition is of as little use in this world as the fifth wheel to a

wagon. You are starting out then to succeed, and if you keep up the determination you are just as sure to do it as the sparks are to fly upward or taxes be collected. Succeed at what? In making a living, in relieving the sick, and gaining a high position in your profession. This certainly should gratify your *ambition*.

A man who was once a "common country" doctor, and that too in one of the poorest counties in Kentucky, succeeded to that degree that he became the Chief Justice of the United States, supreme bench, and when Judge Miller died it was said that the greatest legal light in the Union went out. Men who have been "hewers of wood and drawers of water" have attained to the highest positions in the medical profession. With application, energy, and perseverance you will eventually reach to the full fruition of your ambition.

Having now begun work, you should occasionally stop to *think*. I imagine that this thought will sometimes come to you: "It is true that I am now making a very respectable living for my family, but suppose that I should suddenly be 'cut off,' I have nothing to leave my family." This indeed is a very serious proposition, and how are you to meet it? Let me suggest one way: Take out a life policy in some good, substantial company; it might be best

on the *endowment* plan. Count up your earnings for the past year and see what amount you would be justified in taking out. Of course you do not want to be embarrassed by the payments, so consider this carefully. We will suppose that your collections during the past year summed up a total of one thousand dollars. This would, I think, enable you to take out a policy of fifteen hundred dollars on the twenty-year endowment plan. We will suppose your age to be twenty-five years; the annual payment would be seventy-five dollars. At the end of twenty years, or at forty-five years of age, you would be paid cash in hand the sum of two thousand dollars, and should you die in the interim your family would be paid the full value of the policy with accrued dividends. Quite a nice little amount to be handed you, and you have scarcely missed the sum you paid to "keep it up." As the years go by you will increase the amount of your policy; then come what will you will sleep in peace, at least as far as the care of your loved ones is concerned after your death.

Again: You are to "think out" plans which will enable you to succeed in a business way in order to provide for the family while you *live*, now that they are cared for if you die. Let's *begin* right, for it would be a most difficult thing to change any

plan of procedure with which you had begun. Do you understand bookkeeping? If so, all right; if not, a few lessons will explain the simple process which is to aid you in your purpose; but I beg of you don't be lax about it, even if it is simple. A *charge* should be made for every service that is rendered, and credit given for every cent collected. In this matter do not put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. You might forget sometime, and you know that "every cent counts," especially to a poor young doctor. If it were not for the fear of imposing upon the "silent partner" I would suggest that you hand your day-book over to her and let her take care of the "ledger." Now that your accounts are charged or "entered," you should turn your attention to their collection, for of what use are they "on the books"?

Let me again suggest: If you are located in the country, I would advise that you "let it be known" that you expect the settlements of your accounts *twice* a year, at least on the first day of *January* and on the first day of *July*. Of course, you have *talked* this to your patrons, but to impress the matter, during the last days of *December* and the last days of *June* send out a statement through the mails of all accounts. But you may say, "That would not do, for no doctor in the country

does that." True, and perhaps no other doctor in the country uses antidiphtheritic serum. Are you going to refuse to use it on this account? Let it be an innovation then; send out your statements. It may be that you think it will offend your patrons and that you will lose their patronage. Tut! tut! Any man who does not put the value of your services above the fact that you send him a statement, let him go—to the other doctor, and I would be willing to wager that at the end of the year you will "thank your stars" that you are rid of him.

If you live in the city, I would advise that instead of sending the statement *twice a year*, you send them on the first day of *each month*. Here you will have easier sailing, as many physicians do the same. Even if they do not, this is a free country, and you have the right to do as you please just so long as you do not violate the law. This disposition of doctors to fear that they will do something which will militate against their prospects is the very thing that has brought the profession into ridicule in a business light, and financially ruined many a good man.

We will suppose that the year has come and gone, and January has passed the second time, but your "statement" has gone unheeded. The wheat has been threshed, garnered, and sold; the tobacco

cut, dried, and carried to market; the corn shocked and fed to the swine, and the swine sold at good profit; even the fattest calf has been made into steak, and the mutton palmed off as lamb. Yet not a word has been heard in response to your "statement." What are you to do? Why, speak to the man about it, of course. But again, you are ashamed to do this. Ashamed to ask for that which rightfully belongs to you, both under the law of God and man! Is it possible that you think that your account is an unjust one, that you have charged too much, or that your services did not amount to anything? If so, you should not have sent the "statement." But being an honest one, and not extortionate, you should now insist upon its payment. By kind, persuasive measures at first, and if these do not prevail, then do as all business men would do, put it in the hands of the *law* for collection. But, you may say, this will offend the man. Well and good, let him be offended, but you will get your money. Of what use is he to you as a patron if he never pays you for your services? You should be glad to get rid of him, for you will save many hard rides and restless moments; besides, you were never more mistaken in your life, for after he has paid you "by the law" he will become your staunch friend and supporter, and

pay you the "next" time. If you do not care enough for your own welfare to conduct your business along these business channels, you should do so as a precedent for those who are to follow you. We plant trees for the benefit of future generations, so should we protect them in other ways.

Having now prospered by the pursuit of your profession in a business way, you notice at the end of each year a surplus. What are you to do with it? Don't squander it or spend it in riotous living and ways of extravagance. You have been frugal in obtaining it; do not grow reckless and spend it "in a night." Beware of the peddler, the shyster, and the lightning-rod man, for the buying of gew-gaws has bankrupted many. Don't imitate Mrs. Smith, who bought a door-plate with the name of Jones on it, arguing that "It may be, after Mr. Smith dies, that I will marry a man by the name of *Jones*." Beware also of the man who under the guise of friendship beguiles you by telling of an investment that is sure to profit you a hundred per cent, but more likely a thousand. A gold or silver mine, an oil well, or cheap lands that are filled with minerals, yea to overflowing; a patent that is to revolutionize the world and bring you millions. Remember the fate of Colonel Sellers with his celebrated *eye-water*. Listen attentively to these

gentlemen, not too long, and if persistent throw them out of the back window, and if you break their necks you will be doing the public a great service, and will throw around your family a mantle of protection.

Be content to "move along the lines of least resistance," and make money in an honest, legitimate way. It may be slow but it will be sure, and an honest penny is more to be desired than a whole lapful of riches acquired in a dishonest way. Schemers and "slick citizens" usually meet with their just reward, and the designing rascal is sure to come to grief. What are you to do with your surplus? Put it in some tangible investment, for speculations will, like birds, "take wings and fly away" with your money. Buy a piece of land if you live in the country, a town lot or a cottage if you live in the city. Before you know it you will own a farm, or a house of some real proportions. Every doctor should have "in his mind's eye" the accumulation of funds sufficient to take care of him and his family in the event of sickness and support him in old age, or perchance should he desire to *retire*, that amount which would enable him to do so. Do not be penurious, only discreet. A penurious person is one much to be despised, for he would oppress the poor and bring the orphan to

grief. However much people may revile you, remember that "charity begins at home."

It may be pleasant now to retrospect and see how well these "business methods" have prospered you during these past five years. The first year you netted six *hundred* dollars only, but you must not forget the cow you got from Smith or the hogs from Jones "on account," for has not "Brindle" supplied enough milk to use for the family?—and don't forget that enough butter was made, and to "spare"; and the hogs, why they supplied the winter's meat. The garden supplied all vegetables, and you find a few dollars left—only a few—out of the year's work. Did your neighbor do any better? The farmer "growls" because the rainfall during the year failed to come within an inch of what it did last year, and says he has only a half crop of corn, though he really acknowledges that the crop of wheat, hay, oats, and potatoes was good. He forgets to add that corn has gone up a number of "points" because of that "lack" of rain, and that he is the gainer thereby. Did you ever know a farmer that did *not* "growl"? If the weather is clear he is sure that it will never rain, and if it rains he is sure that it will never stop. With him there never was the least prospect of a "peach" crop, and he was never convinced until

the peaches were so plentiful—each year—that they “were not worth a cent in market.” The frost is always “a killing frost” with him, but “somehow or other” he has managed to live. The grocer across the way reports a very good year and estimates his “savings” at eight hundred dollars. But you must remember that his stock represents an investment of five thousand dollars or more, and your “stock in trade” is “brains,” not cash. The haberdasher has not done much, reporting only three hundred dollars profit, but as he is a “single” man he can live on that. The blacksmith says that he does not know what his earnings were, but that he is contented and happy. And why should he not be? A little home paid for, a wife that is a helpmeet indeed, and children that “round up” at an even dozen. Then, too, they have all been well during the year and have plenty to eat. “Go to the ant, thou sluggard” should be paraphrased to read “Go to the blacksmith, thou rich man and woman”; learn from him and his many lessons—contentment, happiness, and no infringement on nature’s laws. Twelve bright-faced, healthy children bespeak the fact. Look at the man—broad-shouldered, tall, with muscle as hard as iron and nerve unshaken. With the eye as an X-ray we see a heart pumping pure,

untainted blood, full of red corpuscles. Go to, you pale, puny, and ill-shaped being, you shut out the fresh, pure air and bright sunlight that God has given you and substitute for it in your palaces the foul air of furnaces and the gleam of artificial light. No wonder that your health gave way, your nerves are unstrung, and your stomach refuses to receive the pure food of the fields and forests. Yes, be content, good blacksmith; though your trade is black your heart is white, and you not only represent the "bone and sinew" of the land but the brain and brawn as well. From your ranks come presidents and other men who are called great, and your calling is no disgrace. Go on playing your "anvil chorus" and serving God, and you will at that last day join "the great chorus" of good men made perfect, who sing "Hosanna to the King."

So you see that you have done very well for the first year. *Six hundred dollars*—six per cent on ten thousand dollars—that's not bad, is it? Counting up the net income for the fifth year, you find the sum of three thousand dollars, not to speak of the wheat, corn, and eggs that have been contributed by the poor. And you have added a number of acres to the farm and increased your life policy until it now reads twenty-five hundred dollars instead of fifteen hundred dollars. Compare your

condition with that of the other doctor, who has jogged on in the old way and “made light” of your business methods. He will be borrowing money from you in less than a year, if he has not already done so. Six per cent on fifty thousand dollars—well, that’s not bad, and *you*, like the “smith,” should be content.

CHAPTER VIII

THE YOUNG VERSUS THE OLD DOCTOR

It is a pity to chronicle the fact that the term "doctor" has but little significance in this country. In England, both in London and on the Continent, the title of "doctor" is not used by medical men. I don't know but that this is a good idea; especially would it be so here, where the title of doctor is given to any one, from the man who trims your corns, treats your sick horse or cat, removes pimples from your face, draws your tooth or colors your hair, to the distinguished gentleman who is known as "the professor."

This reminds me of a man who was taken suddenly sick in a distant part of a thinly settled county, and the neighbors, including the old women, were called in consultation, no doctor living in less than twenty miles of the residence. He was suffering from some condition of obstruction of the bowels, and all efforts to have them move had failed. Even the best known "yarbs," etc., had been tried, but to no avail. The propriety of sending for a doctor was discussed, but it was urged that the man would die before he could reach the house. Some one suggested that an old

horse doctor came every day to a neighbor's house to "doctor" a sick horse, and that it might be well to send for him. This suggestion was accepted, and he was sent for. Upon arriving at the patient's house he asked a few questions, and said: "Waal, I'm only a hoss doctor; never tended a human in my life. For a hoss in this condition I would give a half pound of salts, but I guess a quarter of a pound would do for a man." With this he proceeded to "mix up" this amount and gave it to the sick man, and then took his departure. The next morning he started on his way to see his patient—the sick horse—and met a man "chopping" wood near the house. He thought that he recognized in him a person that he had seen at the sick man's house the night before, and accosted him:

"Neighbor, hev you heard from the sick gentleman over the way this morning?"

"Oh yes, Doc.," said the man.

"Waal, how is he?"

"He's all right, Doc."

"Kin you tell me if the medicine acted that I give him?"

"Oh yes, Doc., it acted."

"I am glad ter hear that," said the doctor. "Kin you tell me how many times hit acted?"

“Well, Doc., as well as I can remember, it acted well nigh onto twenty times before he died and nine times after he died.”

It is said that the eminent horse doctor *rode* away in an opposite direction without saying a word.

The young doctor leaves college after a four years' course of hard study. He has listened attentively to the lectures of the professor on *materia medica*, and is imbued with the idea that every medicine which has been so thoroughly described has a specific action. He tells its physical, therapeutic, and physiological action, and sees the result—in his mind's eye—of each and every one of them. He procures a beautiful “case,” made of Russia leather, filled with glass vials of the latest style and pattern, with glass stoppers to fit each accurately, and well fitted to their places. Each contains some drug with high-sounding name difficult of pronunciation, but of well-known attributes. Their arrangement in the “case” is perfect, and as the lids are opened the brightness of the forty-eight bottles, twelve in a row, excite admiration for their glistening quality. Stuffed off in one corner are a few old insignificant drugs, such as quinine, opium, and calomel, with perhaps a small package of Crab Orchard salts. These he is indifferent about, but thinks that they may come in use



With the thin blade of a penknife he poises the dose on end and drops it upon the little slip of paper. [Page 133.]



some day, perhaps for the poor, or for the "colored" folks. A delicate pair of scales lie at the bottom, but most of the medicines are in "pellet" form.

The old doctor possesses only a pair of "saddlebags," that have seen the wear and tear of many winters. They are warped on one side, bulged on the other, bright red in spots from *wear*, and a hole or two in sides from *tear*; buckles all gone, and their place supplied with twine strings. In *his* "case" there are but *few* drugs, but he *knows* the quality of each one of them. Some are tied up in paper, and the three or four vials have lost their stoppers and a wad of paper has taken their place. He needs no "scales" to measure out the dose, for his keen eye and delicate touch has guided him through a long campaign of many years. With the thin blade of a penknife he poises the dose on end and drops it upon the little slip of paper and wraps it with a precision that would cause the expert grocer to blush with shame. Calomel, opium, quinine, buchu, ipecac, and Dover's powder constitute his *armamentarium*. He has never heard of many of the "new-fangled" remedies that are in the "case" of his young competitor, but he has managed to "get along" these many years without them. After a decade of years has passed over the head of the "young" doctor I opine that he,

too, will come to the conclusion that he can get along with a much less number than he started out with.

Experience. They say that experience is a wonderful teacher, and so it is. The minister of God who has "ripened" with age and *experience* wonders how it was in his young days, during his novitiate, that he condemned all who were "guilty" without a hearing. He has learned after a long siege with sin and the devil that there are "mitigating circumstances," and that all is not sin that the preacher denounceth. He has learned that example, environment, heredity, circumstance, necessity, association, etc., play a great part in the actions of men and women, and that it is true charity to often draw the veil of compassion, and not thrust the lance of condemnation at them without a hearing. He learns by *experience* that there is a *humanity* side to life as well as a spiritual one, and that the "poor devil" who is never given a chance to show the good that is in him is often much better than those occupying high places, and who cry with a loud voice, "Persecute him!" He has learned by experience that the Magdalen who is hissed and spit upon by her haughty sister—in the church—would have been a different woman could she have felt one heart-throb or been touched by the warm arm of a *sister* woman.

He has learned by experience that the man who wears the longest face and utters the loudest prayers belongs probably to the "money changers," and if justice were done would be driven from the temple. It may be that he has learned by *experience* that a man or woman whose clothes are worn by service and whose hands have been made rough and ill-shapen by toil is not welcome in the *pews* of his church. Some Christians (?) prefer to kneel on cushioned velvet when sending up their supplications, and the presence of the poor would molest them—during service. The preacher has learned all this by *experience*.

The "old doctor" who has been in the service for a long time has learned by *experience* that all that is taught in medical colleges or written in medical books is not true. He has learned that instead of every medicine being a specific, that there are *no* specifics in medicine; instead of the employment of many drugs in combating any *certain* disease, he has learned by *experience* that it is best to rely on a few well tried ones. He has learned that there are a great many *shams* in medicine; that frequently a loud "bray" is mistaken for knowledge; that fine clothes frequently cover a hypocrite, and that "brass" is taken for the pure metal. He has seen the man of *brains*

supplanted in the family by one whose ideas in medicine could be held on the point of a needle. He has learned by *experience* that it is often wise to "hold your tongue," and that "old women can often give you valuable suggestions" in medicine. He is convinced that merit does not always succeed, but that "Honesty is the best policy." He has been taught not to believe everything that he hears, and not to misconstrue what he sees. He has learned by *experience* that many things besides medicine comfort the sick and restore the afflicted. "Out of the mouths of babes" he has been taught valuable lessons, and, withal, is not willing to cry with the Preacher that "all is vanity."

The "young doctor" can learn much of true value by sitting at the feet of these old fathers in medicine and profiting by their experience. Living within a few miles of this city was an "old doctor" who was an honor to his neighborhood and a friend of the poor. For nearly a half century he lived among these people, administering to their wants in a medical way, and it is said of him that he never refused a "call." It was always his pleasure to assist young men who located near him in their efforts to get practice. Upon one occasion, he told me, a young doctor from an Eastern State settled near his home and hung out his sign. One after-

noon the old doctor received a summons to come away down in the "wet woods" to see a very sick man. Thinking to do the young Eastern man a service, he told the messenger that he was "tired out," but that he would send a doctor of great ability in his place.

With this information the "new doctor" went along to see the patient. He afterward told the old doctor "how things went." Upon arriving at the sick man's house, he found him *very* sick, indeed; he was having what the young doctor from the East thought was a *spasm*; he shook from head to foot; the house even vibrated during the attack, and the bed would move perceptibly each time and the dishes would rattle in the closet; his teeth chattered, and his talk was not intelligible. After getting into him numerous drugs and several hours had passed, the patient was taken with a violent *fever*. This the doctor fought with more drugs until the signs of daylight were fast approaching, and seeing no relief he concluded that he would ride back home and return soon, just in order to collect his thoughts and cool his brow. So after ordering that some additional remedies be given in greater quantities and more frequently, he took his departure with the kind request that if the man died before he could get back please inform him.

The ride in the early morning braced his nerves, and after drinking a cup of hot coffee he started on his way back. He could see in his imaginings the cold face of the dead man and hear the weeping of the widow and the orphans. Approaching the house, he saw a man "chopping" wood in a forest of trees. Riding up to him, the following conversation took place: "Good morning, stranger," said the doctor. "Good morning," said the man. "Have you heard how the sick man over there is this morning?" asked the doctor. "Oh! he's all right," replied the man. Encouraged by this, the doctor proceeded to ask further concerning the condition of his patient, while the man spat on his hands and sent the ax deep into the log. The chips flew, and the man said nothing more for a few minutes, when, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Why, Doc., don't you know me? I'm that sick man; all I needed was a leetle colomil and quinine, that's what the 'old doctor' always gives me for them *chills*." The young doctor learned a great deal by his *experience* in this one case about—chills and fever.

A learned and distinguished surgeon of this city, who died not many years ago, was called in consultation to a town in the interior of the State. He was a fine conversationalist, and lost no oppor-

tunity to *talk* to a friend. The family doctor in the case was a man of marked ability and beloved by all who knew him. The consultant noticed that during the entire examination of the patient the family doctor did not speak a word. Walking down to the gate together, the visiting doctor said to the family doctor: "Dr. P——, if I had your manner, with my brains, I would be the greatest doctor in America." If you are a young doctor, and will put your knowledge and training with the *experience* of the old doctor, you will be one of the best doctors extant.

Several years ago an old "grizzly" doctor living in the mountains of Kentucky brought a patient, a typical mountaineer, to me to have done on him a surgical operation. When I was introduced to him, the first question he asked was whether I belonged to the church. When I gave him an affirmative answer, he then desired to know to what denomination I belonged. To this I replied: "To the Baptist." He then said that he was glad to hear it, as he was a Baptist also. I then asked him with which "wing" of the Baptist church he affiliated, and he replied: "To the 'feet-washing' body." Confessing my ignorance, I asked him to explain to me the special "creed" of his church. He informed me that at every "meetin'" the

brethren washed each others' feet. Leaving him, I asked my assistant to prepare him for the operating table. Among other things, he was to be given a bath. Shortly afterward my assistant came laughing into the room. I asked him what amused him, and he replied: "I overheard the religious conversation between you and the patient, and having just given him a bath, I am certain that it has been a long time since he attended *meetin'*."

This may have been true, but I was impressed with this man's faith in the Christian religion. My observation of the people who live in the mountains, at least in Kentucky, is that they are of a very religious nature, and yet there never was a class of people more maligned and persecuted. Living as they do, in so simple a way that the necessities of life even are difficult to obtain, yet they believe in God, and molest no one that does not molest them. Because, forsooth, they in their ignorance and innocence distill a little liquid know as "mountain dew," or moonshine whisky, they are hunted like the worst of criminals by Government officials, dragged hundreds of miles away from their little homes and families, confined in dirty prisons with the vilest criminals, tried and sentenced—for what? That the Government of these great United States may not be cheated out of a few cents of tax. It is a

shame that in this, the twentieth century, and in this Christian country, that such a thing is done. Then, too, people living at a distance, who know absolutely nothing about the habits or conditions of these people, denounce them as thieves and cut-throats without a hearing. True, they may have their feuds, and occasionally meet in a deadly combat, but if the truth were known each started as a "family" affair, based upon what one or the other took to be a personal insult or slander.

It is well known that they place a high estimate upon the honor and virtue of those who are dear to them, and if needs be they will protect both at the risk of their lives. I have ventured the opinion often that a stranger could walk through the mountain district of Kentucky unarmed and unattended, and as long as he did not molest he would be taken into their homes, fed and bedded, without a cent of cost or any molestation. They are more sinned against than sinning, and the proper spirit would be to defend and protect them rather than to heap undeserved censure upon them.

The old doctor said to me the second day after the operation that the patient had announced his intention of going home that afternoon; that if he was not permitted to go he would jump out of the (third story) window and make

his escape. I replied that it would be both dangerous and impossible for him to attempt to go home so soon after the operation. The doctor then said: "However that may be, he will carry out his threat; I know the man. When I tell you that he lives on top of a mountain, that his home can not be reached on horseback, but only by walking up a hog-path; that his home consists of one room, made of logs, back of which is a hog-pen connected with it; that he has eleven children and a wife who is feeble-minded, you will wonder that he would desire to leave a comfortable infirmary to go back to it. But it is the love that he has for his family and his home, and you must let him take the risk, or he will jump out of the window to-night." He left that afternoon. This led me to ask this man, whom I have called the old "grizzly" doctor, about himself. He told me that he was sixty years of age—he looked seventy-five; that he had practiced medicine among these people for over thirty years. His form was bent, and his skin was wrinkled from exposure to the storms of winter and the heat of summer. I asked him what a year's practice would net him. He laughed and said, "You mean in money?" "Yes," I replied. "Nothing, absolutely nothing. You see these people are poor, have no money, but they pay me

in odds and ends. Sometimes a coon skin, a rabbit, or squirrel, possibly a stunted calf, a little corn, a pumpkin, or it may be a small bottle of moonshine." "Do any young doctors ever locate near you?" I asked. "Bless your soul, no," he said, "for two reasons: First, they could not make a living, for they would not be content to live as I do, and second, they could not find their way through the mountains." As this good old soldier in Israel was talking, I thought of what a boon he was to these plain people, and if any board of health or examining board would dare prevent him from practicing because he did not have a "diploma" it would be guilty of robbing the poor, and said board should be disbanded by the governor.

What a lesson for the young doctor! Think over and ponder it well, for from the example set you by this old doctor you are to learn meekness, fidelity, and unswerving integrity. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." The young doctor is playing the juvenile part in his profession, while the old doctor has reached that age that "shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloons, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side." It is yet left for the young doctor to play many parts; the old doctor "turns again

toward childish treble." The young doctor is "seeking the bubble reputation"; the old doctor passes soon into "second childishness and mere oblivion." The young doctor is "full of wise saws and modern instances"; the old doctor has seen it all, and it is soon "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" with him. Both of you, the young and the old doctor, clasp hands and be friends.

Partnership.—Whether a young man should form a partnership in the practice of medicine is a question to be controlled entirely by circumstances. As a rule it is much better *not* to do so, for the reason that it materially hampers one in independence, and prevents, to a great degree, the establishing of an individual, personal reputation. However, the surroundings may be of such a character, sometimes, as not only to justify, but commend a partnership.

The Professional Nurse.—I have several times in these pages referred to the professional nurse. If you are fortunate enough to employ one of good common sense, education, refinement, pure character, and sympathetic disposition, she will be a great aid and comfort to you in the management of the sick.

CHAPTER IX

THE COUNTRY VERSUS THE CITY DOCTOR

The medical profession is, or should be, a band of "brothers," united by ties that should not be broken by trivial things. No class of men is assailed more, no class is so often persecuted, condemned often by public opinion without a trial, and censured by those who should be its warmest advocates. More's the reason that its members should stand steadfast, pursuing a course of rectitude that is above reproach, protecting those that need protection, and bidding defiance to every unjust accusation. The country doctor and the city doctor share alike these vicissitudes that are incident to the profession, and are akin in every particular. They only differ in location. Each vies with the other as to the good that is done and the relief that is given to suffering humanity. The one prefers to work in the country, the other in the city, and thrice blessed is he that is content with his surroundings. That man is to be pitied who is constantly changing his base of operations, yet is never satisfied. Truly, a rolling stone never did gather moss, in the medical profession. If you are well located in the country, let well enough alone,

and *remain* there. Every city can tell the tale of a number of physicians who were successful practitioners in the country, surrounded by everything to make the heart glad, but concluded to move to the city. A few years only were necessary in which to spend the accumulations of an average lifetime, and they find themselves bereft of all they possessed, and the phantom they pursued fled and gone. It may be you think that if you would move to a city you would have a larger field of action and grow more rapidly in reputation. Think of

JIM BOWKER.

Jim Bowker, he said, if he'd had a fair show,
An' a big enough town fer his talents to grow—

Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
And climb the top round in the ladder of fame.

It may be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then again—

But he had 'tarnal luck, everythin' went agin him;
He got nary a show to start his beginnin' ;

Jim Bowker, he said,
If he'd had a fair show ye couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd 'a' done, an' the heights he'd a clumb ;

It may be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then again—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success;
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress

Like Jim Bowker, he said,
If it wasn't for luck, an' misfortune, an' sich,
He might 'a' been famous, an' might 'a' been rich.

It may be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then again—

I shall never forget the time in which it was my pleasure to be a "country doctor." Every scene is hallowed in my memory—and the childhood days. The green grass, the babbling brook, the great oak trees, the mill, and the old black "mammy," who has gone to her rest these many years. The old school house and the "master," with his ferule and his cane, all come vividly before me. As the long days passed and the years went by, it was determined that I should be a doctor—and a doctor I became. We often hear it quoted that "a man is without honor in his own country"; how foolish, indeed. Anyway, it received no recognition from me, for I located for the practice of my profession at my "old home," and to these dear, good people I am indebted for my "start." And they counseled me and gave me good advice; encouraged me, not only by word, but by deed; I leaned upon them in trouble, and went to them in

distress. Forget *them*; not as long as I have life in my body or gratitude in my heart. So often do I think of the old friends and the old days.

THE OLD DAYS.

Old friends, old comrades, here's a health,
A cup of greeting to you all,
Where'er the evening shades of life
Around your faithful spirits fall.
A hand to you, a health to you,
And golden memory's wealth to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

I scarce can think those days are gone—
And yet, like dreams, they are no more,
And one by one your faces, friends,
Are turning toward the other shore.
Then hail to you, and farewell to you !
And the cups shall clink a knell to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

How few of us will ever meet
Again this side the narrow stream !
And even if our hands could touch,
We'd seem like figures in a dream.
It's youth, sweet youth, good-bye to you !
And we are ghosts that cry to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

Sit quiet, friends, and think it o'er,
Aye, think how sweet the old days were!
Seek not, weep not; take memory;

Let's have a loving cup with her—
A cup with her, and a song with her,
And a sitting still and long with her,
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days !

Home.—Is there a dearer or sweeter word? Man may wander over the expanse of the whole world, but his thoughts will go back to it in fond remembrance, and his feet turn toward it as age creeps on. The foolish boy may leave it, counting his surroundings as tame and uninteresting; he may seek climes more congenial and profitable, but as the years go by his mind is on his home. Men in their mad pursuit of wealth may leave it, but when disappointments crowd thick and fast upon them they go back in memory to the *old home*. When riches and great estate come to him, they often feel cumbersome and of no account, compared to the comforts of his *old home*. When disease and affliction take possession of his body, he cries aloud that he may find a last resting place in his *old home*. Let no foolish adage drive you from home, if it is your heart's desire to locate there, and all things are equal. The doctor's lot, 'tis true, is not always a happy one, but whose lot is? Yet there comes to him times that he blesses the fates that made him one, especially if he lives in the country. The cool refreshing breeze of the

early morning recompenses for being called out from a peaceful slumber, and the stars that “sparkle and twinkle all the night long” give surcease to a troubled heart ; and the pale yet bright morn is his companion during his long night rides. Even when the night is dark he is not alone, for the frog gurgles his hoarse salute as he passes on his way ; the cows give a low murmur of recognition as he goes on his lonely journey, and the whip-poor-will calls to him on his return. All nature is asleep, but there comes to him the odor of new mown hay and the delightful scent from the hemp field, while the wild rose, the lily, and the hyacinth waft to him sweet greetings from their pure breaths, though he sees them not ; the dew from the hill-tops cools his feverish brow, and the night wind sings to him.

There the kine in slumber huddle,
And the fowl have gone to rest,
And sweet nature seems to nourish
All things living at her breast ;
Strong, full-throated comes the music
From the trees and from the bog,
And the leaders in the chorus
Are the cricket and the frog !
O ! the cricket
And the frog,
In the grass and
In the bog—

How their ripply music soothes one !
How their gladsome chorus smooths one !
How the unisons arise
To salute the night-garbed skies !
 Just the cricket
 And the frog,
 In the grass and
 In the bog—

The country doctor, he is to be congratulated that in his every-day life he can commune with nature, and he should thank his stars that he is as he is. The city doctor meets a different scene and reception from this on his early morning call to the sick. The crowded, overheated city offers nothing to compare with the serenity of the country in summer. The doctor dons his clothes, and passing out into the stifling air concludes to walk rather than call a carriage. It is said that the darkest hour of night is the one just before the break of day, "the hour that church-yards yawn"; it is also the stillest, for all of the "noises of the night" have ceased and the noises of the day not begun, even in the city. As the doctor steps upon the street he hears the echo of his own footsteps; the great electric lamp that hangs swinging across the street blinks and splutters, as if tired of its long night's service. Walking briskly, he hopes to escape the deep shadows, which remind him of the man with the slungshot secreted about his person.

His call, mayhap, is down in the "red light" district, and he knows that he must be on his guard, lest the footpad and the light-fingered gentry overtake him. He hears horses' hoofs in the distance, and soon the milk wagon rattles by him and the market man comes with his garden truck fresh for the purchaser. Passing a corner, he sees a door open and the man puts outside a cuspidor or two, and then goes in again. Glancing in the door as he passes, he sees heaps of glasses on a counter undergoing the cleaning process, while a customer is already standing at the "bar" holding in his trembling hands a glass containing the "red liquor and aromatics," on its brim a piece of lemon peel. Whizzing by is the "owl" car of the night, with only one passenger, and he—asleep. A gust of wind encircles him with dirt and he feels its hot breath for a minute, when it darts into the street, and as it whirls the dust around in one spot it seems to laugh at his discomfiture. Daylight is gradually taking possession of the earth, and night with its horrors sulks, then disappears. He is absorbed in thought as he proceeds on his way, and says to himself what a wonderful tale could the night tell, but she speaks not, but instead throws a dark mantle over her devotees. Just as well, for it might be that many a Mr. Hyde

would be discovered sneaking in dark corners who is playing the rôle of a Doctor Jekyll at home, and to whom the world pays homage. Here and there are seen the forms of young girls in their teens, going rapidly to their work in the shops, mills, and stores. He stops a moment as he notes the pale faces, haggard forms, and listless expressions. These girls, many of them mere children, who never possess a flower or are moved by the strains of sweet music, or receive a kind word; whose lives are all humdrum; who work and sweat and sweat and work all the live-long day, and who receive in return a mere pittance for their labor—who can blame them for “cruel” thoughts as they see the fine lady swish by, holding away her silken skirts that they may not be polluted by a touch; who witness the careful attention given other girls of their age, who are dressed in flounces and furbelows; who observe the carriages of the rich go by at rapid speed, and they are commanded to get out of the way? Will the world never wake up to the fact that this “child labor” must cease; that men and women are not dogs that can be spit upon, that an honest day’s labor is worth more than is given for it, and that these people have souls—yes, souls, just as white and pure as the man or woman that treats them as menials and cheats

them of their true deserts? The Master taught a different lesson from this.

O! ye who poise a lordly head
In haughty gold-created pride,
Who walk the streets with kingly tread
And brush the honest poor aside ;
Who think the toilers but the scum
Of earth and always in the way;
Know you the time will surely come
When you will be as poor as they ?
That death will level king and slave ?
There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

Hark ye! you that oppress the poor and grind out the life of the helpless in order to enrich your own coffers; there may yet come a reckoning that will make *you* pale with fear and quake with dread.

The house of the patient is reached, and a strange and horrible sight meets his eyes. A woman is stretched on the floor in a pool of her own blood; a deep gash is revealed in her neck, and all life is extinct. He stoops down and examines her, purely through form, for the waxen features, drawn expression, and marble-cold face have already told the tale. Sitting around on the floor are her *companions*—companions in sin and disgrace. What a strange appearance, indeed; one with her night clothes on has a red shawl thrown around her shoulders, “the scarlet woman,” the others scarcely better dressed. Standing away from the rest,

looking out upon the clear, blue sky, is the only one that has wept during the entire tragedy; she seems so young and—you must admit it—so beautiful. The daub of paint is not on her cheek, or the trace of pencil under her eyes—she has not yet had to resort to that, for the bloom of youth that God gave her is yet there and the lustrous eye yet sparkles. You almost feel like “dragging” her by force out of this hell and telling her that she would be forgiven. But would she? The decree has gone forth that she must have the finger of scorn pointed at her, she must be shunned as a serpent, she must be called accursed, her very heart must be torn to atoms and she must forever go her way *alone*, however sad, disconsolate, miserable, and repentant she is—for has it not been so decreed by—woman? “Oh! the rarity of Christian charity under the sun.”

The Meek and Lowly One once said, “Go, and sin no more,” but “*society*” hath said, “To hell with her!” Oh! society, what sins are committed in thy name! The doctor asks how it happened. Not a word has been spoken during all this time, and one woman responds: “Why, you see it was this way—‘Mike’ has been jealous of ‘Mag’ for a long time, and has frequently said that he would kill her; once he hit her with his fist—and poor girl, we

thought she was dead then. To-night he came here, and we saw that he was under the influence of liquor, so we knew there would be trouble. Just as soon as he caught sight of 'Mag' he caught her by the hair, pulled her head back, and cut her throat"—that's all. "What became of him?" "Well, you see, we screamed and the officer on the 'beat' came running in and caught Mike just as he was running out of the back door, and he has taken him to jail." The oil lamp, which has not been removed, splutters and goes out; the sun looks over the rim of the horizon, and the doctor takes his departure, with the advice that the coroner should be sent for.

A few days thereafter, if you had perused the morning paper, you would have seen the following "headlines": "A beautiful young girl jumps into the river from the high bridge at midnight." "The suicide was of medium height and had dark brown eyes and Titian hair." The doctor recognized the description—"one more unfortunate gone to her death." The country practitioner meets with many things to cheer him and many ludicrous affairs that amuse him. You are all familiar with the old woman who continually runs down to the gate to interview the doctor every time he passes. The questions that she will ask would stump a police

lawyer to answer, and the tales of slander that she could tell would fill a good-sized book, enough to ruin any neighborhood. She was at the gate, as usual, early one morning, when the doctor rode by returning from a night "call." He saw that he had to pass her, so prepared for her questions. "Oh, doctor," she called, "please stop a minute—who is sick?" The doctor replies by asking a question: "You know that old woman out in the Sligo neighborhood, that talks so much and slanders so many people?" "Oh, yes, Mrs. Slick." "Yes," said the doctor, "that's the one—well, she was out in the woods talking to herself, when a snake saw his opportunity—her mouth being open—gave a spring, and bit her on the tongue." "Law, doctor, you don't tell me. Did it kill her?" "Oh, no! but it killed the *snake* as dead as the devil." The doctor then rode on, leaving the old woman to meditate. The old women—God bless them—in the country will often be a bother to you, but don't ever be guilty of offending a single one of them. They mean well, and, too, let me say to you in confidence, many will be the time that if you adopt their plain and simple suggestions your patients will be the better off.

On one occasion a doctor was in attendance upon an obstetrical case that was proceeding very slowly.

The usual complement of "old women" were on hand with their suggestions. "Doctor, don't you think that a little 'catnip' tea would help? You know if it does no good, it will do no harm." Another recommends that a little "goose grease" lightly applied over the stomach (women call the whole abdominal cavity the stomach) might be of great service, adding, too, "if it does no good, it will do no harm." The doctor, getting a little vexed, said: "Have you any fresh butter, without salt, in the house?" "No, doctor," replied the last-spoken woman, seeing a slight acceptance of *her* suggestion, "but we can 'churn' some in a few minutes." The doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "I wish you would." Out went the two women, and the way they did churn and sweat for a few minutes was a caution. They came in, mopping their foreheads, with a tablespoonful of "fresh" butter just as the baby was *born*. "Now," said the doctor, "take that and apply it on your own 'stomachs'; if it does no good, it will do no harm." These good old sisters in Israel do no harm, but often do good. Though you can joke them a little, beware and never offer them *sarcasm*.

There will be found in every county some one fellow who never works, yet manages to live very well, who, like the "lone fisherman," turns up on

all occasions; who takes a drink whenever any one treats; who never pays his debts, simply because he never has any money; who goes to prayer-meeting or a circus just as occasion requires; who goes for the doctor when the infant is ushered into the world, or helps dig the grave of the man who has taken his departure from the world; who is self-important, yet kind-hearted withal. A Methodist minister went into one of the mountain counties to hold a "revival" meeting, and ran up against one of this kind. He inquired for some man who could sing and lead the choir. After a vigorous hunt no one could be found who would attempt it except Bill Simons, who thought he could sing, but the neighbors said if he called "roaring like a bull" singing, why, they guessed he could. Anyway he was employed, and for two weeks every night Bill "led the singing." The last night of the meeting rolled round, so Bill "filled up" on "red liquor" in order to cut a wide swath that night. He did sing with great vigor, and at eleven o'clock the minister said: "Brethren, I know it is very late—nigh onto eleven o'clock—but what is time compared to eternity? In one more half hour we may save a soul from hell—think of it, save a soul from hell!—there is Sister Jones, who has been on the anxious seat, but has not yet jined; one song more may save her soul

from hell. Brother Simons, won't you please lead in singin'?" Bill, thinking that the singing was over, had relapsed into a partial slumber, but hearing the statement with the request he stood up, or "leaned" up, and said, "Waal, I have been singin' here for two weeks, six or seven times every night—sung seven times to-night. I will sing *one* more time, and if Sister Jones don't jine, then she can *go* to hell, as far as I am concerned!" Deal gently with such a character, for he really means to do no harm and oftentimes does good.

Another personage found especially in the South, and to whom you must often bow with the most profound respect, is the "Old Black Mammy." Wherever employed she is an *autocrat*, and there are none so brave as dare interfere with her. It is a pity that those of her type are so fast dying out. How well do I remember "her" in my boyhood home—she has long since gone to her eternal rest, yet I hold for her a feeling of reverence and respect. Proud, but not haughty; kind and attentive, with a regard for the truth that could not be shaken; clean of character and person, she went about ministering to and comforting all members of the family, and hating "white trash." Black of face, but pure of soul; a slave, yet carefully guarding the interests of her master, and if ever misfortune or

ignominy crept into a family, her lips were sealed and her hands did caress. A "nurse" that would put to shame many of the latter-day "professionals," for though she may have lacked in knowledge of "modern methods," she supplanted them by love and affection for her sick.

The city doctor is more fortunate in many particulars than his brother who practices in the country. In the country it is a "hello" at the gate; in the city a "hello" at the 'phone; in the country the doctor saddles his own horse, in the city he calls a carriage; in the country he rides openly exposed to the storm and the elements, in the city he is protected by his coupé; in the country he remains until the patient is relieved, in the city until he can write a prescription; in the country he is his own nurse, in the city a professional nurse is employed; in the country he is glad to take eggs, mutton, or chickens in payment for services, in the city he expects the *cash*; in the country he goes clad in jeans and wears yarn "mittens," in the city he wears broadcloth and adorns his hands with a glove of kid; in the country he is glad to get "hog and hominy," in the city he eats his meals *a la carte* or *table d'hôte*; in the country he takes a bath in the creek or pond, in the city he bathes in a porcelain tub; in the country he suf-

fers from nothing but the "tooth-ache," in the city he is racked with gout and tormented with dyspepsia; in the country he lives to a good old age, in the city he goes to an early grave; in the country he is nursed by friends when sick and "missed" when dead; in the city he is nursed by a "professional" when sick, and when dead—well, when dead the country doctor and the city doctor are on equal footing—they are soon forgot, and their "accounts" are left unpaid. The moral of all this is—that "this is a very beautiful world filled with pleasant people," and while life and health lasts we should enjoy ourselves and cease quarreling. It is to the city and country doctor, alike, that the praise is due of elevating the medical profession to that high standard which enables us to say that American medicine is abreast of the times, and is equal in rank with the profession in any country. The time has passed when it was thought necessary for an American doctor to go to Europe to finish his education; Europe now comes to us. It is to the medical profession of America that the world is indebted for much that is original in medicine, surgery, and all the special branches. No other nation claims so many eminent specialists, and the advances in gynecology alone should give to us the palm of original surgical work. No

better instance could be cited than the brilliant achievements in the operation for the relief of appendicitis, and especially for clearing up the pathology of the same. Let it be your earnest endeavor to keep it at this high standard, and let your own name be registered at the very top. No man has the right to hide his light "under a bushel," and it should be remembered that it is the mass of evidence that counts, and every "atom" is of use. Modesty is a quality much to be admired, yet you can be so modest as to keep your light from shining, or your voice from ever being heard. Such men could often be of incalculable service to their profession, and yet lose their influence from diffidence. Again, there is a class of men possessed of brains and genius who from a spirit of lethargy, more properly denominated laziness, allow every opportunity to pass without embracing any. I once knew a young man, a graduate in medicine, who had many qualities to insure success—brilliant, handsome, rare intelligence, and wealth at his command, yet because he lacked one quality—energy—he amounted to nothing, and the profession was not profited a whit because of his existence. If you have intelligence, exercise it, and "let your light so shine" that others will be profited by its effulgence.

It is a singular fact that by being possessed of one single fault, however small it may appear to you, it may be the means of ruining your prospects of success in the medical profession; as, for instance, a sarcastic disposition, a cold exterior, a haughty bearing, or a manner of indifference to the opinion of others. *Heredity* has much to do with the general make-up of a man, both physically and mentally, yet, by a strenuous effort, many of our minor faults can be overcome. I would call your attention to the disposition of some men to monopolize everything and at all times; who never allow an opportunity to escape to force themselves upon the attention of others. In conversation they monopolize; in medical-society meetings they are always "on their feet"; at prayer-meeting or a horse-race they are always busybodies; self-important and possessed of no modesty, they excite to ridicule and disgust. I am sure that it was the observation of this class of men that caused the origination of that classical phrase, "They make me tired." "O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us!"

I would advise you to avoid a manner of "brusqueness." It does not become a physician, but rather the politician, and him only *after* election. You are dealing with the sick; their minds

are ill at ease, their nerves shattered, and their bodies weak and in pain. This is not the person to be treated abruptly, brusquely. I recognize that there are times in a physician's life when it would do him good to relieve himself by the use of expletives, but during these spells it would be best to go to some quiet room, lock the door, and have it out with yourself, away from others. Above all things, let me plead with you to be *sincere*. Sincere in your protestations of friendship, your affections, and your hatred of all things wrong. I have more respect for a man that would put his hand into my pocket and steal my purse than for the one who would steal my character under a blind of friendship. You can afford to stand up and fight an avowed enemy, and have a certain amount of respect for him, but the pretended friend who heaps calumny upon you is a dastardly coward, and is beneath the contempt of a gentleman. Beware of all such, and spew them out of your mouth with an anathema. I have known men—only a few, thank God—who, under cover of confidence, would stab to heart the character of others who had often befriended them, or listen with quiet demeanor to the recitations of tales of slander against those for whom they pretended a friendship. Such men are not to be trusted, and

the sooner you find them out the better. A friend is a friend indeed who will defend you against attack whether you are present or not, but the man who will listen to vile things said about you and will not resent them is worse than an enemy.

Don't be a pessimist. The man who is a pessimist is distasteful to all mankind and is to be shunned, for he would turn every successful thing into defeat. Although the world is full of good men and women, he has no faith in any one; there is no good in his fellow-man, and he would sacrifice his friend in his strife for the world's goods. The distressed receive no help from him; he is selfish and is wrapped in worldly cares; is shunned by children and grown alike; he meets trouble always half way, and when yet in youth is gray with age; he has no hope or courage, and when dead is not missed.

But, rather, be an optimist, for 'tis he that we all love to meet. The day may seem dark, he dispels it with good cheer; he counts the past as past, and has no regret; he believes in nature and nature's God; hope is the anchor of his soul; he gives to charity and counts it good; he is a friend to children and does not make them afraid; at maturity he is happy without foreboding, and in old age he sees comfort in the greetings of friends.

CHAPTER X

ART IN MEDICINE

Whether the practice of medicine is based upon strictly scientific principles or not is yet a mooted question, but every physician knows that by the use of drugs he is enabled to quiet pain, to divert a fever, control the secretions of the body, and to save life. Yet it must be said that you will often be disappointed in the physiological action of remedies, for a specific for any disease or condition is difficult to obtain. Theories that were pronounced facts in medicine a decade ago are to-day ignored, and "facts" of to-day may in another decade be proven to be mere theories. And yet, so much is left us that is incontrovertible that the term "science" is, to say the least of it, not inappropriate when speaking of the practice of medicine. I would warn you, however, of an over-confidence in drugs and the acquiring of the "drug habit"; that is, the "habit" of giving medicines upon any and all occasions. If you should perchance fall into this way of doing the people will meet you half way, for it is true that we are a nation greatly addicted to this habit of taking drugs. Witness the enormous sale of proprietary and patent medi-

cines, and that, too, without even a consultation with the physician. Especially do I wish to warn you against the indiscriminate administration of narcotics *per se*, or preparations containing them. Never let it be said of you that you were responsible, even to a degree, in making one opium *habitué*. The young man is apt to start into the practice of medicine "laden down" with remedies that after a few years of real observation dwindle down to a comparative few. Yet in no wise do I wish to convey the impression that you are to lose faith in drugs—far from it. As you go on your daily rounds, visiting the sick, it is your greatest comfort to see the positive proof in this case and in that of the efficacy and potency of the medicines given. The saving of life, of the attempted suicide, or accidental poisoning; the stopping of the flow of blood by an active hæmostatic; the lowering of temperature; the quieting of pain; restful slumber to the sleepless; the activity of secretion in sluggish organs; the gradual return to health, all because of the proper giving of medicines, go to prove to you the efficacy of drugs and comfort you in their administrations. Yet we must not forget that *nature* is the great restorer, and that oftentimes you are but the agent that assists her in restoring the sick to health, whatever may be the

differences of opinion in regard to the action of the one drug or the other. Certain it is that there is a great "art" in the practice of medicine. Fortunate it is if you know and possess this art, for it will prove to be the key to your success in the practice of your profession.

Some day in your daily rounds you will meet with the "old family doctor," and you wonder at his great success, oftentimes far surpassing yours; you with a college training and four years at medical college; he with a *partial common school* education—if that—and it may be one year at a medical school. You with a hundred of the most reliable remedies, he with only a few; you, who can talk French, German, and English, he that can not talk correctly his native tongue. You dressed in broadcloth, with rings on your fingers and a diamond stud; he in homespun, with pants in boots—you wonder at his success? Watch him, and you will see. Even his presence in the sick-room inspires confidence; the mother looks to him as a savior of her sick; she remembers the many long nights that he was faithful in his attentions, and the times that she would have abandoned all hope except for his consoling words; the children look up to him as the godfather, and the husband will never forget what a staunch and true friend he has been in

the hour of affliction. Countenances beam with joy and confidence the moment he steps within the door-way, and the old women have an abiding faith in him. *Faith*, what a world of meaning! Have *faith*, says the minister, and you shall be saved. If faith can save a human soul from everlasting punishment, look what it can do for the living on this earth. Out with pessimists and misanthropes, who would have us believe that all men are bad and all women are to be doubted! What a signal failure, indeed, was the creation of the world if such is to be believed. You have faith in the mother who bore you, in the father who begat you, in those that are bound to you by filial ties; you have faith in the man who has befriended you, and call him friend; you have faith in the honor of men and the virtue of women. It calms our fears, begets confidence, and makes the earth a beautiful abiding-place. Without it suspicion and envy would have an abiding-place in every heart, and life would be but a game of chance. Have faith in your fellow-man, and so live that he will have faith in you.

Now that you have begun the actual practice of your profession, you must study many an "object-lesson" in order to become acquainted with many things which will tend to make you a success in

the calling. You have just now made a valuable acquisition to your knowledge, having taken the old doctor as an "object-lesson."

For a while we will forget about nauseous drugs, fly-blisters, and cupping-glasses, and turn our thoughts into more pleasant channels in order to search for that *art* which is so essential to your success. It is well with you, as has been before stated, if you are a good judge of human nature, and even if you so count yourself there is much more for you to learn, for its phases are as many and as changeable as the phases of the moon, and, I might add, the sun and stars. Think for a moment of the many things that tend to make or change that "human nature." "Weary of life and tired of buttoning and unbuttoning" was what a captain in Her Majesty's service wrote in explanation of his suicide. Could his mind have been read, and some one supplied whose duty it would be to button and unbutton his clothes, a life might have been saved. No; the student of "human nature" sees more than *languor* in the captain's case. Behind it was disappointment and an easy-going life that was not only tiresome, but killing. A call to arms and a promotion would have been a panacea to him, and all idea of suicide would have disappeared. I have no doubt but that this

splendid officer had, as a result of "brooding," a coated tongue and a liver that would not act. Think you that he needed physic for his cure? Oh, no; the booming of the cannon and the rattle of musketry is what he pined for. Every case in practice must be dealt with as an individual case in this study of "human nature." A young man comes to you filled with all manner of complaints, but you can find nothing to account, from a physical standpoint, for any of them. Study the man as you are studying the case, and you are likely "all of a sudden" to run up against the *real* cause for his complainings. A lost hope, or a misfortune, it may be, for the one is a fatal disease and the other often kills. Get the confidence of this young man and he will tell you his story. If in ill luck, which depresses, help him to attain good luck, which prolongs life. Success is a great panacea. Don't forget, in your dealings with patients, that their worst troubles are often from their own hands. The timid youth will consult you oftener than the one endowed with pluck. Polycrates held that a plucky man could bias the stars. Be this as it may, pluck is a wonderful adjunct in combating diseases.

It is said by some that longevity is a criterion of happiness. If this is true it is your duty to conduce

as much as you can to your patients' happiness. Certain it is that many people will come to you for medicine and you ascertain that an unhappy condition of the mind accounts "for it all." Advice often is of more benefit than medicine. As the family doctor, you hold the key that unlocks the closet in which is concealed the "skeleton." It might be well that you enter the house stealthily and unlock this door before prescribing for your patient. If one is weighted down by cares, has had all hope blasted, whose mind is tormented in a thousand ways, the chance of cure for any supposed physical ailment is *nil*.

First administer to a mind diseased and the body will often take care of itself. It is a fact known and recognized by all physicians that the *will* has much to do in the fight against disease, and often controls the result. This one idea has been grasped by a sect calling themselves Christian Scientists, and carried to a degree that is both ludicrous and appalling. To say that the sick should be attended by any other than the physician is absurd, and the results show a most disastrous list of deaths caused by the lack of proper advice and treatment. The very fact, however, that the people clamor for such and pin their *faith* to such a doctrine should teach the profession not to neglect

so valuable a suggestion. The *mind* of any sick man or woman is a great factor and should be used so as to redound to their benefit. All fear should be quieted, longings satisfied, apprehensions allayed, and quiet assured to the mind of the person under treatment. We must have the individual effort of the patient in order to assist nature and combat disease. There is a great *art* in securing this, for he must first have the most implicit faith in you, both as a man and physician. I pity the doctor who is trying to cure a very sick person who has no confidence in him as a friend and no respect for his ability as a physician, for he is playing against great odds. So strong is the will that it is said of Edward Trelawney, who was shot during the Grecian revolution in 1821, that he recovered because he "felt that he had no right to die." Any army surgeon of either one of our recent wars can tell of the recovery of many men who were shot just as severely as Edward Trelawney. Some recover because they are not shot in a vital part, and others because of their "true grit." To the mind of the physician this is explainable, but the radical enthusiast runs off with an idea which to him is perfectly obscure, yet counts the result due to extraneous causes and not the true one.

Good humor has much to do in supporting vitality. I believe that if you could observe two persons equally sick with the same malady, that it would be found that the one who preserved the most good humor would be the one to recover first. Then, too, it might be shown, if a mortality table could be collected, that those of a sour, morose, and melancholy disposition do not live out their average days. Perhaps this is as nature intended, for the world would be better off without them. It is said that the ancient Greeks outlived us by about thirty years. It may be that good humor always prevailed amongst them. For the man who leads a sedentary life you will frequently prescribe a walk instead of a pill.

Professor Shrodt advocated pedestrianism as a cure for all possible diseases. We can not accept this statement of the distinguished professor, yet we can gain a valuable hint from his declaration. Our people are very averse to walking, especially if they are able to ride, and we know that this lack of exercise breeds many abnormal conditions. Many a physician doing practice in a city has shortened his life by owning a horse and buggy. It was Carlyle who said, "Woe to them that are at ease," and he must have had in his mind's eye the person who never exercised. You should

be equally interested in the *prevention* of disease and the cure of the same. Your duty is but half fulfilled if you neglect this admonition. It is left to you to teach your "people" the laws of *health*. In doing so you will often have to combat old adages that are taken as facts and superstitious sayings which are believed to be true. If you should desire to have the well in your town closed, in which hung the "old oaken bucket," so violent would be the demonstrations that you would have to desist; your theory of "germs" would be laughed to scorn, and your patrons desert you if you tried to deprive them of the well from which their fathers and grandfathers drank. If you should inform them that it would be better for health if the old oak trees be cut away from the windows in order to let the pure, bright sunlight in, they would set you down as a simpleton of the first water. So you see that you will have no easy road to travel at first. In your determination to do the most good to the most people you will meet violent opposition from many whom you are trying to benefit, yet you must not allow yourself to be dissuaded from your course. The man of wealth consults you, and after looking him well over you advise him to sell his cushioned carriage and walk; to drink less champagne and

more water; to eat corn bread and hominy instead of pudding and pie. See what a quandary this places you in if you give this *advice* in lieu of medicine; he thinks you a fool, and won't follow it, and you run the risk of losing his patronage. If you do other than this you are not following the dictates either of your conscience or reason, but you will keep his patronage. Which will you do?

If a person should ask you for the four most important requisites of health, you would not answer "Opium, quinine, calomel, and ipecac," but "Fresh air, sunlight, regulated diet, and a proper amount of exercise"—three of them to be had without price, and the fourth a money-saver. If these three *essentials* could only be had at so much per bottle, what a demand there would be for them, and what a price they would bring! But God has given them free to his people (for are we not all God's people?), and how the gift is neglected! To the gormand you say, Eat less; to the ill-clad, Dress more; to the man who stimulates, Stimulate less; to the man who is overworked, Work less; to the tired woman you say, Rest; to the lethargic girl, Walk more.

A man went into the office of a distinguished neurologist and said: "Doctor, every time I smoke a cigar it makes my heart palpitate. What must

I do for it?" "Don't smoke the cigar," replied the doctor, and because he charged the man five dollars for this advice he thought it too much. You can understand from this how little you will be paid in money for all this advice, yet you will be comforted by the knowledge that you have done your duty. Besides the actual giving of medicine, you are called on to direct the taking of food. The ultimate source of the whole vital power of the organism is the supply of food and heat, and its capacity to avail itself of these supplies depends upon its own original constitution. You are to inform the patient of the nature and destination of food, and it is a topic worthy of your best consideration. The ignorance of the masses upon the most common physiological facts is astonishing. You will find some who never eat a vegetable, and others who eat nothing but vegetables. Besides the nature and quality of food, you are to direct as to the *quantity*. Parents seem to forget that a child should not be allowed to eat as much a grown person, or that the aged should be guarded in the amount they eat. It is disgusting, not to speak of the unhealthfulness of the same, to see half-grown boys at table eat more than two men should be allowed. I knew a young boy who ate twelve ears of green corn for dinner, and was

offended that his supply was then cut off by his indulgent parent. Again, it becomes your duty to advise in regard to the proper amount of clothing to be worn, especially by the infant. The temperature of infants, as you know, is somewhat higher than that of adults, and yet they are inferior to adults in their power of resisting cold. Mothers, as a rule, do not know this, and it is left with you to inform them; have the infant dressed accordingly.

You will often be appalled at the actions of young girls, who in their efforts to bow to the commands and dictates of "society" lose not only their health, but their lives by so doing. It is no infrequent thing for a "society girl" in midwinter to "doff" her heavy suit of the day and "don" a light evening *decolleté* dress in order to attend a reception or "ball." A gentleman recently told me of an occurrence of this kind in his family. His young daughter attended a "function" of this kind, and walked home through a cold rain with light slippers only covering her feet. The sequel was her death. Never neglect an opportunity to correct such criminal actions as these if in your power to do so. Such lessons as: The increase of the heat of the body is produced by exercise, repose reduces it; the influence of the ingestion of food elevates the temperature; the degree of moisture

contained in a heated atmosphere makes a great difference in the degree of elevation of temperature which may be sustained without inconvenience. These facts indicate the faculty possessed by the system of keeping up its temperature to an elevated standard, which is essential to health, and of preventing it from being raised much beyond by external heat; simple and well known to you, but entirely unknown to or ignored by parents.

In making up your mind and forming a correct diagnosis of a case there are many things to be considered, and in no instance should your action be hasty. Herein lies the art as well as the science of your profession; study both well, for much depends on it. The life of man is the aggregate of the vital activity of all its component parts, and you must ascertain the conditions on which the activity depends. Never forget that an intimate relationship is borne between each and every organ of the body, and to have health in the body as a whole we must have a healthy condition of each organ. The brain, spinal cord, heart, liver, stomach, lungs, etc., are irritated by each other and irritate in return. It is the *normal* relationship that each bears to the other that we should endeavor to bring about. This can be done often without the giving of medicine. These

principles and their application refer equally to the *mind* as well as the body. In dealing with people who come to you as patients don't be misled by thinking that if you care for his physical complaints that the mind will take care of itself, for the very reverse of this may be true. It requires great *art* sometimes to ascertain this fact. The effect of the mind over the body should be constantly thought of in your dealings with the sick, for they may be sick in mind, not body, though it is the latter for which they consult you. It seems never to occur to some men that the mind needs rest just as the body does, and when you, as a medical director, undertake to so advise, they scout the idea. The brain has been likened to a galvanic battery and the blood to its exciting liquid. When we remember the enormous supply of blood that the brain receives—as much as one fifth of the whole arterial stream, sent to an organ whose weight does not exceed one fortieth that of the entire body—change, therefore, is continually taking place in its substance. Business men, bankers, merchants, students go on at their work without intermission until a collapse takes place, and then seek your counsel. Women toil night and day through many long, weary years with household duties, the rearing of children, and the thousands of little things to

harass and annoy them, without any interval of rest or pleasure. Even children, who are the victims of corporations seeking to obtain cheap labor, often succumb to this weight of care. From the creation of the mind until its earthly ending it is ever in a fitful state of unrest. So long as an individual is awake there is not a single moment but that the brain is at work. Even in sleep it is not at rest —

I tremblingly waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

The brain is no exception to the organic law that use causes decay. The body undergoes continued change. "The bloom upon the maiden's cheek is less to-day than yesterday; her step is not so elastic or her eye so bright as 'twas a month ago. Every moment shows continued change. If this be true of the body, so it is true of the mind." Its substance is consumed by every thought, by every action of the will, by every sound that is heard, by every object that is seen, by every substance that is touched, by every odor that is smelled, by every sensation of pleasure or of pain; and so each instant of our lives witnesses the decay of some portion of its mass.

A constant strain of thought is a worm that gnaweth continually. It is an established fact

that during the activity of the brain the formation of new substance does not go on as rapidly as the decay of the old, hence the more active the brain the greater the waste. In speaking upon the subject of continued mental strain, Hammond says: "If, as we have every reason to believe, each thought involves destruction of a certain amount of nervous tissue, we can very well understand why, as we go forward in enlightenment and in all the elements of material and intellectual progress, we are, at the same time (unless we also advance in the knowledge of the laws of our being), hurrying ourselves with rapid strides to a state of existence in which there is neither waste nor repair." Dr. Ray says: "The conceptions cease to be clear and well defined, the power of endurance is weakened, inward perceptions are confounded with outward unhappiness, and illusory images obtrude themselves unbidden upon the mind. This kind of disturbance may pass, sooner or later, into actual insanity, and many a noble spirit has been utterly prostrated by habitual loss of rest." It will be your mission to advise and comfort.

One of the most frequent effects of an overworked brain is insomnia — "sun of the sleepless—melancholy star!"

Remorseless demon of the night,
With eyes of dim and spectral light,
Avaunt! thou grim ungodly sprite—
Insomnia.

Pale, restless wraith! 'tis gone again,
And sleep reclaims my fevered brain,
Delicious calm succeeds thy reign,
Insomnia.

The peaceful trance is quickly past,
Distempered visions gather fast,
Thy cursed sway's resumed at last,
Insomnia.

The banker that is engrossed in thought all day lies awake at night involuntarily adding up column after column of figures, and the morning finds him unrefreshed. I had a brother who was for twenty-six consecutive years the cashier of a bank, and never had a holiday, who told me that this habit grew fearfully upon him. It is needless to say that he is not now living.

“As a truth, it can be affirmed that long-continued or excessive intellectual action is the most frequent cause of insomnia, and insomnia is the most frequent cause of cerebral affections.” It has been said of us as a nation that we live too fast. A distinguished surgeon said to me once in a foreign hospital: “Why do you American doctors persist in giving chloroform to the exclusion of all other anesthetics?” Before I had time to reply, he added:

“ I suppose it is because you are always in a hurry.” There was much truth, we must admit, in the statement. It is a fact not doubted by physicians that the brain can be exhausted by intellectual labor, and nothing short of a rational use of it will insure it from dethronement. It is the nature of the mind, of course, to work. The brain that is kept in an inactive state will become utterly worthless and its possessor but a laggard. But education and work must go together. Emerson, in 1844, in an essay, said: “ We are a student of words, we are shut up in schools and colleges for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing. We can not use our hands, or our legs, or our eyes, or our arms.”

No more will the brain stand to be overburdened than the body, which would sink under a heavy load. The mother who delights to show the acts of her precocious child may live to see it an imbecile because of her imprudence; minds that have ruled nations and directed armies have succumbed to the weight of care. The man who broods continually over an imaginary or real wrong will end his days in a mad-house or commit a murder. The death of our lamented President is a sad confirmation of the truth of this. The person who continually talks and sees but one way will, of a certainty, become

a fanatic. In recognition of the doctrine that the mind can become diseased, as any other portion of the body, and that by the term "disordered mind" we mean disorder of its functions, is it that the insane of to-day are treated rationally. Instead of dark dungeons and heavy irons, they have bright homes and pleasant pastimes. Instead of being driven from home and thrust out of sight, they are kept under the ministration of friends and all their wants attended to. Thus we do "minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

It may be that the man fears that if he were to cease his constant pursuit of wealth he might die of want. Mayhap it is that constant care and misery have wasted the body and dethroned the reason of the unhappy mother.

To the mind that is crushed by conscience the thought of "something after death" may drive it mad. The loss of riches or great estate may so burden the mind that the reason goes out. The lover who sighs for his lost one or is pursued by the green-eyed monster is in danger of mental ruin.

Hence, some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason; some for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, suffer more than death.

The result from overtaxing the brain by whatever cause is apparent, and this class will form quite a proportion of your practice. You can quite understand that they are not subjects for medicine, but your knowledge teaches you that they need recreation, amusement, rest. Again, we know that other organs of the body are under the direct influence of mental impressions. The mouth, heart, functions of secretion, glandular system, and the muscular apparatus of organic life all respond to such impressions. Without any exercise of the will there are organs whose muscular walls are influenced by emotional states and expectant attentions. "She died of a broken heart" is an expression often heard, and but too often true. A peevish, fretful mind breeds indigestion, and indigestion breeds all the miseries that flesh is heir to. You could "head off" the indigestion if you could see these people in time. The timid girl that comes to you with palpitating heart is filled with all manner of fears and anxieties. How very often is it that you have patients tell you that their "liver is out of order," and give, as a reason, their gloomy feelings. That man is apt to be in a merry mood whose stomach is "with good capon lined." It is proverbial that a hearty meal not only gives strength to the body

but gladness to the soul. Indeed, it is the custom (so I am told) with merchants and other tradesmen to present their "little bills," not "just after the first," but just after dinner. It is said that Lord Lyndhurst, when somebody asked him which was the best way to succeed in life, replied, "Give good wine." A French statesman would have answered, "Give good dinners." "Good bread gives clear heads, clear ideas, truth, and promotes and leads to gentleness, mercy, charity, and peace." It is believed by some that each organ has its specific action or influence on the constitution and functions of the mind. Be this as it may, it is certain that the functions of the body must be kept in preservation, else not only the physical but the mental organs will suffer.

Herbert Spencer, at a dinner given him by his American friends prior to his departure for Europe, after an extended visit over the United States, said:

"Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burden that had been borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that, with you, the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I

have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapses, due to a stress of business, or named friends who either killed themselves by overwork or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all observing persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life; the physique is being undermined."

It stands you in hand to give heed to these observations of this distinguished philosopher and thinker.

If men who are daily overtasking their brains in their efforts to gain honor, wealth, and fame need rest, what shall we say of the need of recreation and amusement for the women of the land?

Think you that the mother, who watches through the live-long night over her sick, and attends to her duties of the day as well, needs no rest? Think you that the women who have the care of our homes and our families, who devote all the time at their command to the enjoyment of those they love and never for a moment think of their own happiness or pleasure, need no rest? Is it that we hold it to be their duty only to comfort the sick and attend the well? How many noble souls of them have gone to an early death for the want

of sympathy and rest? While they scatter flowers in our pathway and lift many a burden for us, do we divide the trials and sorrows that they bear? It is a truth that they are better than we—more unselfish, truer, nobler, and purer than men. Their burdens should be lightened, their homes should be made pleasant, and their wants should be attended by us.

There is another class that I desire to mention as deserving of our especial consideration and care. I allude to the overworked employes in our banks, stores, workshops, etc.

While attention is being paid (and justly so) to our abused and cruelly treated animals, some notice should be given the ill-used employe who is forced to work an improper number of hours, and that, too, in badly ventilated rooms, breathing foul air, endangering and shortening their lives. Shop girls sit all day long, stooping over sewing machines and counters that wear their life away. Hence, statistics show a large mortality among this class, and that, too, when middle age is scarcely reached.

Is there no remedy for all this?

A proper number of hours only should be given them to work; well ventilated apartments should be provided them, and more opportunities given for their enjoyment and pleasure.

It is the experience of the New York authorities that the excursions to the beach for the benefit of the poor have done more for their enjoyment and health than all other modes of relief. A pleasant ride, a merry laugh, a romp upon the sands, is more to them than money in their purse. The world is dark enough to them at best, God knows, so let every endeavor be made that can be made for their relief from the hardships and sorrows of life. You may say that these things are beyond your control. I think not, for it is the province of the physician to be consulted in regard to all such matters. Even if he should not be, you should exercise the rights of a citizen and help correct them. You are to direct these many afflictions (for afflictions they are indeed), and it will tax your very best energies to do so. I have named quite a list of maladies, and yet but few, if any, of them require a dose of medicine. Let your cunning *art* meet the exigencies of each case. Upon one occasion I was called in consultation with an elderly physician, of most perfect manners, to see a young girl who was very sick. After the consultation we were leaving the room, when she called to him and said: "Oh, doctor, you are leaving and have not left me any medicine." Turning to her with a sweet smile on his face, and in gentle voice,

he replied: "My dear, I will send you the medicine (?) when I reach home." The second day after, we called again, and as we entered the room she said with a smile: "I received your medicine, (?) doctor." And he asked: "How did you like it?" "Oh, I thought Mr. Pickwick perfectly charming!"

You will meet with cases very often when you will be convinced that medicine will not effect a cure or mitigate the symptoms; where a book, a poem, or a well-told tale will accomplish much more. Riding one day with a clever country doctor along a lonely road, he descended from his horse and plucked a wild flower. Upon arriving at the home of the patient, who was a delicate little girl of about eleven summers, he placed the rose within her tiny hand. The smile of appreciation that greeted him evidenced that it accomplished more good than would have many doses of nauseous drugs.

Remember, then, to "prescribe" a flower, a pretty picture, or anything of beauty, when medicines fail. Each and all of the senses can be appealed to in this manner and wonders worked. It is said that the mortality rate has been perceptibly decreased in a government hospital in Paris since a band of music has been placed on the lawn with

orders to play each day. If it is true that "music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," it also has charms to soothe the sick and comfort the afflicted. The mother who sings her babe to rest with a lullaby may be giving it inspirations that will last all its life long. The lover plays his lute beneath the window of the girl he loves; the soldier marches to battle and to death to the sound of martial music; the deep-toned notes of the organ in the great cathedral bring us nearer to God; our bodies are laid to rest in the silent grave to the music of the solemn dirge. May it not be that they will rise again in response to the music of angel voices and the harp of many strings?

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils.

CHAPTER XI

SOME RARE TYPES THAT YOU WILL MEET

No trade or profession exists that does not have some few in the ranks that are an exception to the rule. The medical profession does not escape this classification. There are men within its compass that "pass muster," as it were, but of whom it can be said that they are not up to the standard of the "model" doctor, and yet their faults are not glaring, and if you were called upon to name them you would hesitate before answering; men who if tried before the "bar of justice," or who if submitted to the rulings of the Code of Ethics, would come out unscathed. Their little discrepancies may be the result of heredity, association, environment, or what not, and their offenses might better be condoned than censured, and yet their actions are often the subject of comment by their *confrères*. It is very like the *abandon* that is the characteristic of some men, and yet they are gentlemen, and they would criticise the same thing in others, and regard themselves as *arbiter elegantiarum*. It is well, too, before heaping condemnation upon the head of a brother, that we pluck from our own eye the "cinder," if it be there.

Anyway, as you go along in the practice of your profession you are apt to meet—only occasionally, however—with a type of doctor that does not exactly come up to your ideal of what a correct member of your profession should be. Let me try to mention and describe a few of them.

The Smooth Doctor.—Without trying to explain the term *smooth* as used here, you will readily understand to whom reference is made. To be *smooth* requires certain qualities that in themselves are to be admired, and yet when used outside their legitimate channel become—shall I say offensive? No dullard could ever have this appellation applied to him, for it belongs properly to the person of shrewd accomplishments and genteel manner. No man that is rough, either by heredity or acquisition, can hope to be *smooth*, for it is to the bland and polished gentleman that this attribute belongs. Shakespeare had him in mind when he spoke of the wink of the eye and the nod of the head, for verily he has both under most excellent control. This type of man is well known in the business world, and especially so in the field of politics. In the former he is looked upon with suspicion, but in the latter he flourishes and prospers, and his *smoothness* is accounted both wisdom and righteousness. The “article” is sometimes

found in the medical profession and escapes recognition until it is revealed by its own foulness. The *smooth* doctor is very like the smooth being in any other calling, suave in manner and pleasing in countenance. The same always to all men, never sincere; full of flattery as well as treachery; seemingly a friend, but ready to desert at the first signal of distress. He gets your secrets only to betray you, and would laugh at your downfall although his eyes would be filled with tears (apparently) of sympathy. Such a man is not to be trusted, and you should steer out of his course.

The Eccentric Doctor.—Under the term eccentric is covered many follies and transgressions. Many an insult has been offered, and would have been resented as such, save for the extenuating expression: “Oh! it is just his *way*,” or, “Don’t mind it; he is so eccentric.” There is no division line between sanity and insanity. If a man is sane he should be held responsible for his conduct; if insane, he should be confined in an insane asylum. When a person talks disrespectfully to you, or offers an affront in any other way, it is no justification to say of him that he is eccentric. If he is mad, you have the right to be mad, also. An Irishman was bitten by a dog, and in extenuation his owner said: “Pat, you must not blame me, the

dog is mad." "And, begorrah, sir, I am mad, too!" I have known men that were really insulting in manner, when there was no provocation for it, and yet asked to be excused because it was their *way*. Nonsense! If a man is a gentleman he should never forget it, and if he does, he should be reminded of it in a very forcible way, manner or no manner. If you meet any such in your professional career, deal with them as one man should deal with another, making no amends on account of their being peculiar or *eccentric*.

The Political Doctor.—As I have stated before, every doctor should take an interest in all current events, political and religious as well as medical. The welfare of your county, State, and government demands this of you. But it is beneath your dignity and calling to be mixed up in political brawls, or to be heard howling on street corners in defense of this candidate or that. Your influence will be felt more if you proceed in a quiet way to accomplish the reforms that you think necessary. Your *clientele* will embrace members of the different political parties, and whereas you should have positive convictions, you should not, at any time, offer insult to the feelings of your neighbor or patron who happens to differ with you in politics. Do not, under any circumstances, allow them to

use your name as a candidate for the legislature, or a seat in Congress. It may be that the other doctor in the town is at the bottom of the move, just to get you "out of the way." Besides, you must never forget that to be a good doctor is far more dignified and desirable than to be a member of Congress or a Federal judge.

The Church Doctor.—It has been said that doctors have been known to attach themselves to certain churches for the purpose of *gain*. I can scarcely believe this, for such a procedure would receive condemnation from both God and man. It must be that whenever such assertion was made some malice, envy, or jealousy prompted it. We have all heard of the doctor, or doctors, who pre-arranged for his being called out of church during services in order that he, or they, might receive a good advertising. How easy it would be to say such a thing about any doctor who happened to receive a call during this inopportune time. It is to be presumed that there are just as many pious men in the medical profession as there are in other callings, and it being their duty to attend church, it is no one's business if they leave the building save their own. If, however, you should chance to get—in common parlance—the "dead-wood" on any doctor who would so prostitute his calling and

the church for such unseemly purposes, I would advise you to watch him in other things.

The Lodge Doctor.—The same accusation has been preferred against doctors in joining benevolent orders as has been said of them in attaching themselves to the church, viz.: That they did it for *gain*. How preposterous the assertion. Is it that members of the medical profession are to have no rights common to other men? Is each act to be called in question, and each motive set down as evil? The different orders, whether they be for charity or benevolence, challenge our admiration; and if a doctor desires to participate in the same it is for him to decide, gossips and backbiters notwithstanding. If your motives are pure and your intentions good carry them out, never caring what idle tongues say. If, however, you should ever be convinced that a doctor is trying to get into your lodge for ulterior purposes “black-ball” him on the spot.

The “Fool” Doctor.—This term is used for the lack of a better one that would express the meaning. There are some men in all professions who “travel on their shape,” to use a vulgar phrase. It may be, too, that they have some brains, but they put them to poor use. Their disposition is to “strut,” and they really think that they are

better than their fellows. It may be that a relative—a far distant relative—fought in the War of the Revolution, or perhaps his great-grandfather bought his way into the United States Senate, or his family tree shows some “royal” foliage, and this begets in him a great pride, which he never forgets to put on “dress parade.” Such a character is beneath your notice, and I would advise you to consign him and his family tree to an eternal oblivion.

The Newspaper Doctor.—The doctor is generally the most prominent citizen in his county, and his advice is sought and heeded by many people. It is no wonder, and certainly not to his disgrace, if the county newspaper should herald his coming and his going. His intelligence is above the average, and therefore he will be asked by the “editor” to give his views for publication on different topics, and there is no reason whatever why he should not do so. If the doctor is honored by his professional brethren by electing him to some high and dignified office within their gift and the “editor” feels a just pride in the compliment paid his neighbor, friend, and fellow-citizen, and chronicles the fact of his election in the columns of his newspaper, it is just and proper, and it is a very narrow-minded person who would denounce, oppose, or talk about it to

the detriment of the doctor. But the man who rushes into print with the report of some medical or surgical case as "A wonderful surgical operation done by Doctor Hairspring"—"Never before attempted by any surgeon"; then go on to describe a common, every-day surgical operation, one that has been performed often by other doctors in the town—deserves the most severe censure. He is not only availing himself of an advertising dodge, and is getting space in the paper which should be paid for, but he is telling a lie and is heaping an injustice upon his brother in medicine. It is needless to say that such conduct is reprehensible.

The "Loud" Doctor. —Literally speaking, a "loud" doctor would be one that was boisterous and given to much talk. But that is not the kind of personage alluded to here. There are certain *signs* which speak in as definite a tone as the voice. It is a common expression of women, in referring to certain other women, that "they dress too loud." The same thing can be said of men. It is not to be understood that any criticism is offered upon a neat or elegant appearance, but the doctor, if he dresses in accordance with his calling, will not appear in dress so gaudy as to attract attention or call for comment. This "loud" habit may extend to the vehicle he drives or to the servant by his side.

It is not befitting a man whose calling it is to attend the sick to be "diked out" in appearance that would do credit to a jockey or the man who manipulates the cards in a faro bank. Yet, after all, these are harmless creatures, puffed up with their own vanity, and will do you no harm.

The "Crank" Doctor.—"Cranks" are to be found in all walks of life. The business world is full of them, and you can scarcely take a morning walk without encountering some of this class. From the man whose head is turned on the "mine" question to the one who has a simple invention that will revolutionize the world, we will have such with us always. Medicine has not escaped this form of insanity. You will occasionally meet with the man who has a *sure* specific for many diseases. He has thought of it for so long, and tried it so often, that it is useless to argue with him. It may be in the form of serum, pill, powder, or lymph, but with him it has worked miraculous cures, although with you it has accomplished nothing. Don't tell him so, however, for you will incur his displeasure and will not change his mind in the least. Better leave him alone with his "hobby" and trust to the future to cure him of his folly. Fads are very much like the brook, they will "go on forever."

The "Book-worm" Doctor.—Froude wrote: "The knowledge that a man can use is the only real knowledge; the only knowledge that has life and growth in it and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain or dries like rain-drops off the stones."

Nothing should be encouraged more than the reading of good books. The studious man is apt to be the successful one in medicine. But there are those who become so infatuated by the habit of book-reading that they have but little if any time in which to attend to the ordinary things in life. Such a man is apt to become a mere theorist, without the semblance of anything practical about him. Such a person is not fitted to the rough-and-tumble, common-sense, every-day life of the doctor. He could tell you, no doubt, of the history of medicine from the most ancient time to the present day, but he would be stumped to tell you a good recipe for the ear-ache. He could inform you on what was the most perfect technique for any major surgical operation, but would blunder in opening a boil. It is said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," so it could be said that great learning may be of little profit. These characters may do for you to associate with, but they would amount to but little in a "consultation."

The Over-polite Doctor.—Politeness is a virtue, but over-politeness is a bore. I have seen men of refinement and great respectability render themselves the “laughing-stock” of a company of ladies and gentlemen by their effort to be polite. One would think that to thank a friend once for a kindly service was quite sufficient, but the over-polite man will keep on repeating his thanks for some trivial thing until the donor is embarrassed and the listeners disgusted. I have in mind a man of most genteel appearance and apparent refinement that so overdoes everything calling for politeness that he is ridiculed by his friends. Dignity is one thing and an assumed politeness another. Select the first and ignore the last.

The “Effeminate” Doctor.—In speaking of the “effeminate” doctor allusion is not made to the *female* doctor. Too much praise can not be given to the noble women who have joined the ranks of the medical profession. Their effort to do so was under great disadvantage, and their success has been accomplished against immense odds. It was first thought by some members of the profession that the innovation was uncalled for and that women had no right to ask admission into the medical profession. They have shown us the contrary, and by their genial, lady-like demeanor they have

purified the temple of medicine, and by their rare intellectual attainments they have silenced any and all opposition. In a professional as well as a literary way they have shown themselves equal to men in the acquisition of knowledge, and we should hail their advent into this, the noblest profession of them all, with great pleasure. But *he* of effeminate ways, that bears with him odors of the most delicate perfumes, and whose hair is made to curl by an expert; whose pomades are fresh from Paris, and whose gloves are of the most delicate of tints; whose shirt-front is immaculate, and form that of a *Venus*; finger nails manicured each week, and mustache waxed each day; rosy-cheeked, and fingers tapering exquisitely. Such a one is proud of himself, and is fit only for the ladies to play with—not to practice medicine.

The Unsuccessful Doctor.—I mention the unsuccessful doctor in this list only to plead with you that should you ever become acquainted with one of this kind that you will extend to him a helping hand. The successful and the unsuccessful doctor are very much alike in one respect. As long as a man is but little known, has made no reputation, is in nobody's way, he is left severely alone. But let him begin to climb the ladder of success, and the shafts of envy, jealousy, malice, and hatred

will be shot at him in rapid succession; so with the unsuccessful man. It was Josh Billings who said that "when a man starts down hill everything seems greased for the occasion." Each one who passes him will give him a kick, and never a lift. You may find such a one in your profession who from drink, misfortune, ill-luck, or that the fates were against him, has not succeeded. Give him a lift, encourage, beg, entreat, and if needs be go down in your pocket and assist him. There are none so low but that can be reclaimed, and the man who asks alms to-day may be able to compensate you to-morrow. Some of the "types" I have mentioned are bad, some very clever, and some to be condoned. Deal with them as your good sense prompts, but beware of becoming *infected* with any disease germs, for possibly some of these types are of *microbic origin*.

CHAPTER XII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Whether your path in life has been strewn with flowers, or you have been pricked with thorns; whether successful or unsuccessful; whether you have reached the goal of your ambitions, or have been always in the slough of despondency and unrest, the end will surely come. Some one has said that "the world was made for the young." Be this as it may, it is certain that in our young days the foundation is laid for either success or failure, for happiness or unhappiness. Along with the injunction to "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth" should go "Remember life is short, and few are the days to work." The young man who wastes his time in riotous living will live to see the day that he repents it. A robust body breeds and sustains a healthy and working mind, and the man of delicate frame and "weak nerves" is handicapped in the race of life. The mind as well as the body should be kept in a tranquil condition, for the one is much dependent upon the other, as you well know. Perhaps the saddest time in the life of man is in the realization of the fact that the hour has come when he must

quit. So conservative is the hand of nature that this time for retirement creeps by degrees upon him and has seldom a sudden announcement; but woe to him to whom it does so come, for it finds him unprepared, nothing "laid up for a rainy day," and the family left with no means of support.

It is amusing sometimes to witness the antics of the man who has passed threescore years, in his attempts to demonstrate that he is yet in his youth, but it is difficult to fool the other old fools; a pain in the back, he has caught cold; stiff limbs, caused by too much (?) exercise; loss of flesh, caused by overwork; inability to sleep, the result of mental work; gray hair, *painted* black, and whiskers streaked and striped. Fie! Fie! Old man, just as well "acknowledge the corn" and shame the devil. You may be able to fight your enemies and overcome hardships, but you can not fight old Father Time, and it is useless to try. He runs strictly by the *clock*, and every movement of the pendulum signifies the passing of one more second of your life, and each stroke of the hour speaks to you of the flight of time and the approach of death. This signal is given you twenty-four times each day, so be up and a-doing.

If the time "to quit" is of so much sorrow to man, it is of just as much concern to woman,



“Jack, don’t you think it is time to ‘quit your thinking’ and go to bed?” You have minded that voice for fifty years, you will mind it now. [*Page 211.*]



and comes to her at an earlier day, for "of all sad words of tongue or pen" is to her, not "it might have been," but that she is *passé*. Day by day she has watched the decay of the bloom upon her cheek; one by one the wrinkles appear; hour by hour she sits in pensive thought, and each year brings to her some new evidence of decay. The deep brown eye that charmed; the smile that entranced; the figure that bewitched; the lips of rosy redness that beguiled; the pearly teeth, the delicate finger tips, the tiny foot, these, all these have seen their day and are fast showing signs of age. Oh! fair lady, once was the day that gallant men bowed down to you; once that sweet voice could command to any obedience, but another has come to usurp your place and no longer are you to receive obeisance from men. Acquiesce in the dictation of the fates gracefully; paint not your faded cheeks and enamel not your features; let your hair that was Titian grow white in beauty, touched by nature so gently, and let not the daub of counterfeit be seen thereon.

Rest not your soul in the belief that

Little gobs of powder,
Little specks of paint
Make the little freckle
Look as if it ain't.

Tennyson, in his "Ulysses," shows an understanding of what age should bring to a strong soul when he makes that war-worn hero of many wanderings and disappointments say to his sailors:

Tho' much is taken, much abides : and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

To grow old gracefully is the most perfect charm. I once asked an aged physician what was left for a man to do who had reached the age of threescore years—his reply was, "Books! my boy, books!" And so it is, and the man who has cultivated the habit of reading from his youth to old age is to be congratulated, for the time of peace comes now, and rest. Think of it: the fields of romance, history, poetry, and science open to him, with none to molest. The sunset of life can be made the most charming of all by its serenity.

They say that "The young live in the future, the old in the past." I once heard an old minister of the gospel say, as he ascended the pulpit: "My dear friends, I know in my heart that you are pitying the poor old man, but let me say to you in all truth, *I pity you* with all my soul. I have

almost ended the fight you have just begun. You know not what a terrific struggle it is. You await the plaudits of men, I await the benediction." One of the sweetest things left to those in retirement is *contemplation, retrospection*, and reflection. Many will be the times that you will live your life over in your musings. In the twilight you will romp and play again; the dear old faces will come to you; the games of your youth; the admonitions of the good old father and the embraces of the sweet-faced mother will make you "a child again"; the day when you received your diploma; the first case; the first *death*; the days that you spent with your sweetheart, the engagement, the wedding. Then the many incidents of a busy life will crowd upon you, and you are awakened from your reverie by a feeble but pleasant voice asking, "Jack, don't you think it is time to 'quit your thinking' and go to bed?" You have minded that voice for fifty years, you will mind it now. She has helped you to bear your burdens; helped you in gaining a living; helped you in your effort to gratify your ambition. If your lot was a hard one, hers was harder; if you suffered, she suffered more; when you were happy, she was happy, and if you were bowed down with grief she wept. Think, man, when recounting your great deeds, the part she bore. Let it not be always I,

I, but we, we; for if the truth be told she deserves the equal share—yea, more, for has she not been “the power behind the throne”?

The end. All is silent about the house; crepe on the door; the neighbors are sitting about the lawn; the old negro servants stand at the door with tears on their cheeks; not a word is spoken. The black “mammy” is asked at what hour it occurred. She replies in a whisper, after using a great bandanna handkerchief to wipe the tears away: “Lor’! honey, nobody knows. I jus’ went into his room ’bout sun-up and found him dead. I jus’ thought he was sleeping, but when I sed ‘Marse Jack!’ and he didn’t answer me, I knowed he was dead.”

“Peace be unto you, that peace the world knows not of.”

THE REWARD.

To quote Doctor Henry O. Marcy, of Boston: “I would much prefer to have a little ‘taffy’ while living instead of a great deal of ‘epitaphy’ when I am dead.” A flower here and there during life is worth more than great piles of roses on the coffin; a lift by the hand here, more than encomiums after a while. I have for a long time thought that the noblest charity of them all would be the estab-



"I jus' thought he was sleeping, but when I sed 'Marse Jack!' and he didn't answer me, I knowed he was dead." [Page 212.]

lishing of a fund for the use of poor, struggling young men — just a little help at an opportune time. Why is it that our rich philanthropists do not think of this? And who needs it more than the poverty-stricken, but honest, young men seeking to get into the medical profession? The reward for honest labor should come to the living, not the dead. Great shafts of marble are erected to the memory of the soldiers—right and good, but in serving their country they waded through pools of blood, fresh from the veins of their own brothers: to the dead physician no monument is erected, though he followed in the wake of the army and stayed the flow of blood, bound up broken bones, gave ease to the suffering, and remained with the dying till dead.

Just a short time ago I had the pleasure of walking through the parks of a great city which prides itself in the possession of many monuments erected in honor of the distinguished dead. Here was one whose top towered many feet above the earth, in sacred memory of some great scientist; there another to commemorate the death of a noted general; over yonder a group in bronze to mark the resting place of unknown soldiers, and again, a massive stone to a statesman, and one to the dead minister of the gospel; but I looked in vain for one marking the last resting place or to

the memory of some good doctor, tho' this city has had within its walls some of the ablest physicians of the nation. Shame upon you, oh, ye people of little gratitude! In your last hours you will not call for the scientist, philanthropist, or statesman, but for the doctor, whose claims you have failed to remember even by the smallest shaft. "How soon we are forgot" is written of all men, be they great or small. The President of the United States is shot, suffers, and dies to-day. To-morrow another takes his place, and verily it is "The King is dead! Long live the King!" Whilst *living* it is vouchsafed to the doctor to get some reward. Limbs that were torn and shattered were bound up by him, and the patient lives to thank him; the woman who "lies sick with a fever," after many long and weary nights and hopeless days recovers and sheds tears of gratitude; the little child, whose life "hung in the balance" for many weeks, comes back to its mother's arms, and fills her cheeks with kisses; the young girl, whose life was despaired of, sees the dawn of health again and clasps his hand in recognition; the wife, who has so often been comforted in sad hours of affliction, sends up her prayers to the Throne for him; the poor, to whom he has always administered and never turned away, heap blessings upon his

head, and so he is rewarded. It may be that you do not live in "the hearts of your countrymen" after you are dead, but you receive expressions from the hearts of your patients while *living*. More is this to be desired than heaps of gold, or towering shafts of marble, or figures of bronze.

We are told that "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Have you not proven your faith by your works; have you not, more surely, followed the example of the Master than have others, for have you not "gone about doing good," remembered the poor—whom you have had always with you—relieved the sick and administered to the dying; have you not been meek and lowly; have you not comforted the distressed; have you not given when the right hand knew not what the left was doing; for all these is there not some reward? What meaneth the passage of Scripture that reads: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"? Let your soul rest in peace, for God is just. After the weary life is over, after the day has passed, after the folding of the hands, after all adieus, after the dark river is reached, you will pass over to the other side to bask in the green grass by the still waters; you will hear the sweet music of angel voices and join the ranks of just men made perfect.

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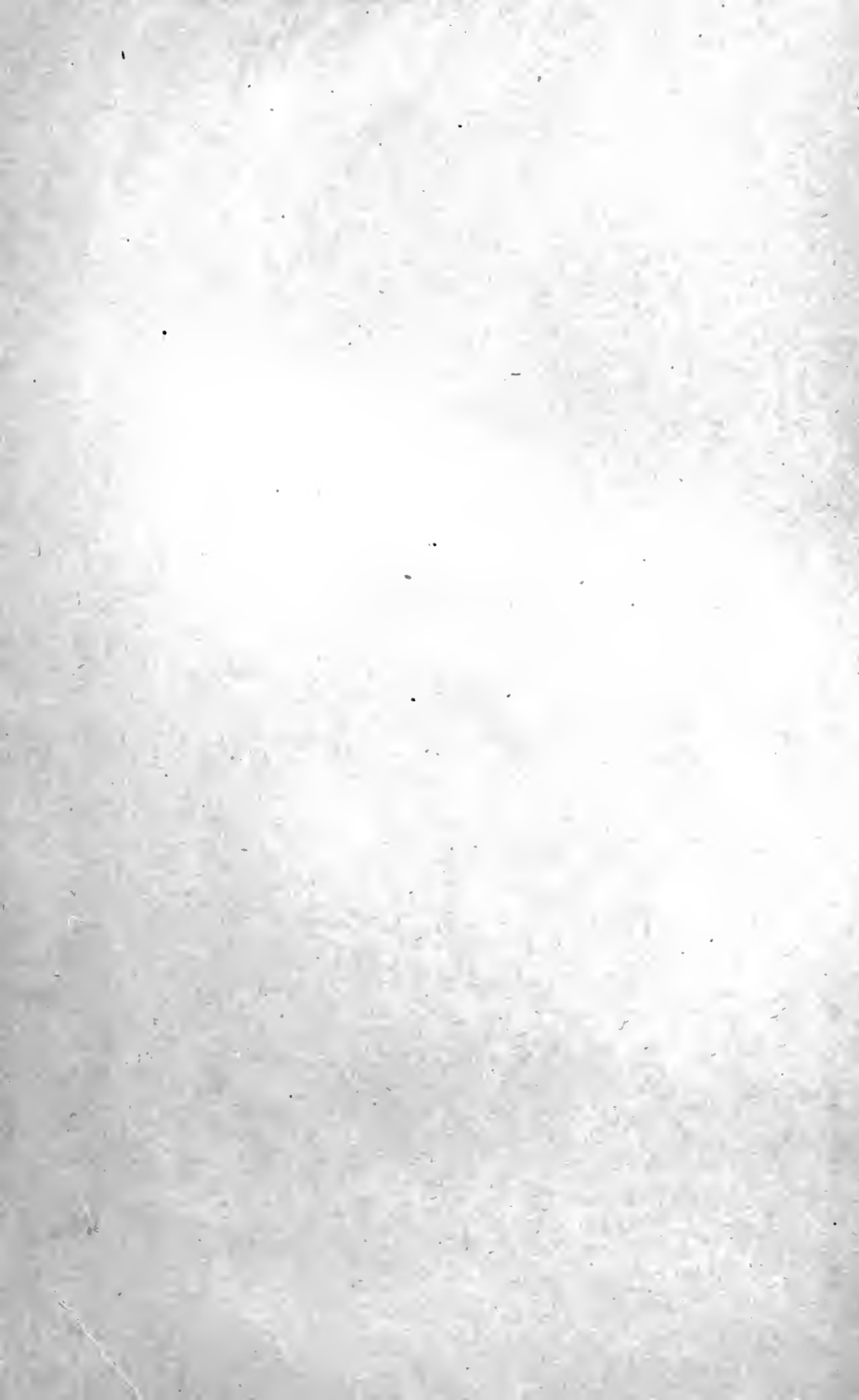
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